

# The Collapse of Prohibition

*Facts About the Huge Present-Day Traffic in Liquor*

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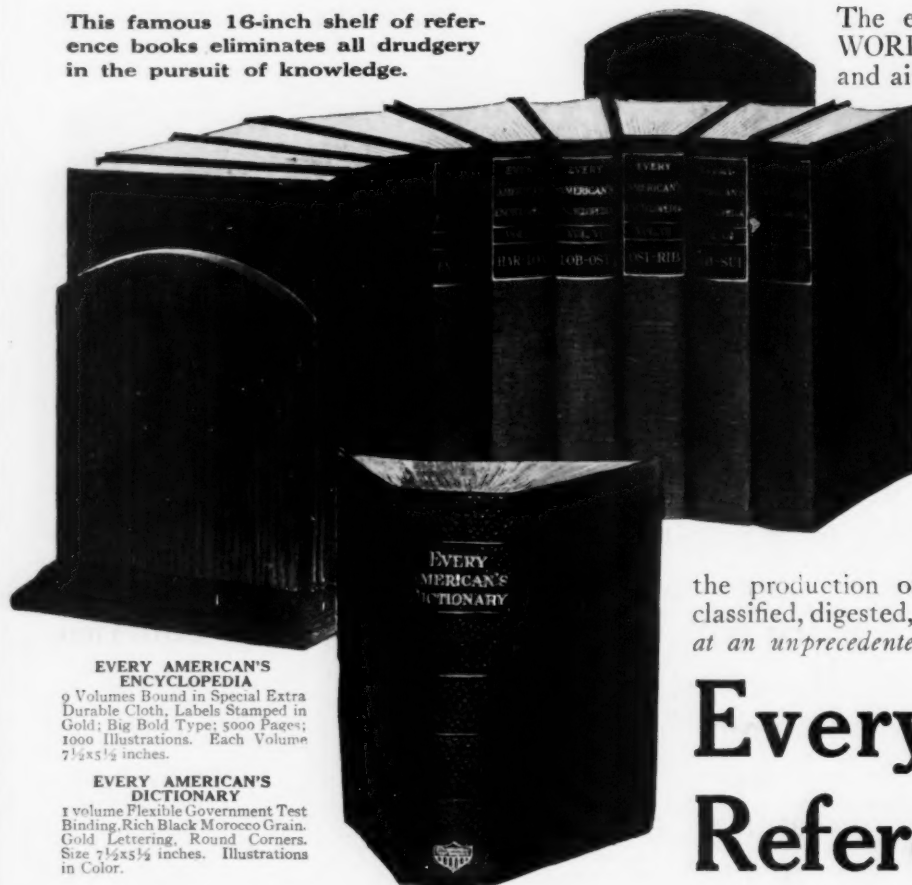
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*Home for the Thanksgiving Holiday*

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# ABOUT OURSELVES

SOME OF THE DOMINANT FEATURES IN THIS PUBLICATION WHICH WILL MAKE IT PERSONALLY VALUABLE TO READERS WHO BELIEVE IN PROGRESS

COMMERCIAL, industrial and financial problems involving the future stability of the nation are awaiting solution at the hands of the men who, by their brilliant achievements and the gift of vision, are equipped for the great task. ¶ The country is entering upon a new era, a period of readjustment, of reconstruction. Many fixed ideas, many time-worn methods, many cherished ideals will find their way into the discard. ¶ Pointing the way to happier days, more prosperous conditions, greater sanity and surety, a number of the best minds in this country will tell the business men of America, through the columns of *Leslie's Weekly*, what is in store for them during 1921. These contributions will not be merely fascinating reading; they will be as helpful as a Bradstreet report, as vital as a Treasury analysis, as unbiased as an auditor's statement. ¶ The January 1st issue of this publication will be devoted chiefly to a forecast of business in 1921. In this number you will find articles of importance by world-acknowledged leaders in finance, in industry, in commerce. The practical value of what these men will have to say could not be purchased elsewhere for as many thousands of dollars as you will pay pennies for your copy of *Leslie's*. ¶ A more detailed announcement of the special features in our Forecast Number will be printed later. ¶ Meanwhile, if you are interested in the business outlook for next year and would like to know how some of "the big fellows" feel about affairs, how the proposed increased taxation will affect profits, how production may be speeded up, how labor and employment problems may be solved, how home markets may be affected by foreign competition—the dozen and one perplexities of the days to come, you will find enlightenment not only in this special number of *Leslie's* but in every issue of the year. ¶ *Leslie's* is a magazine of service, of inspiration. It indulges in no "padding," no tedious verbiage. It deals with live issues and living personalities. It is a publication that makes business interesting.



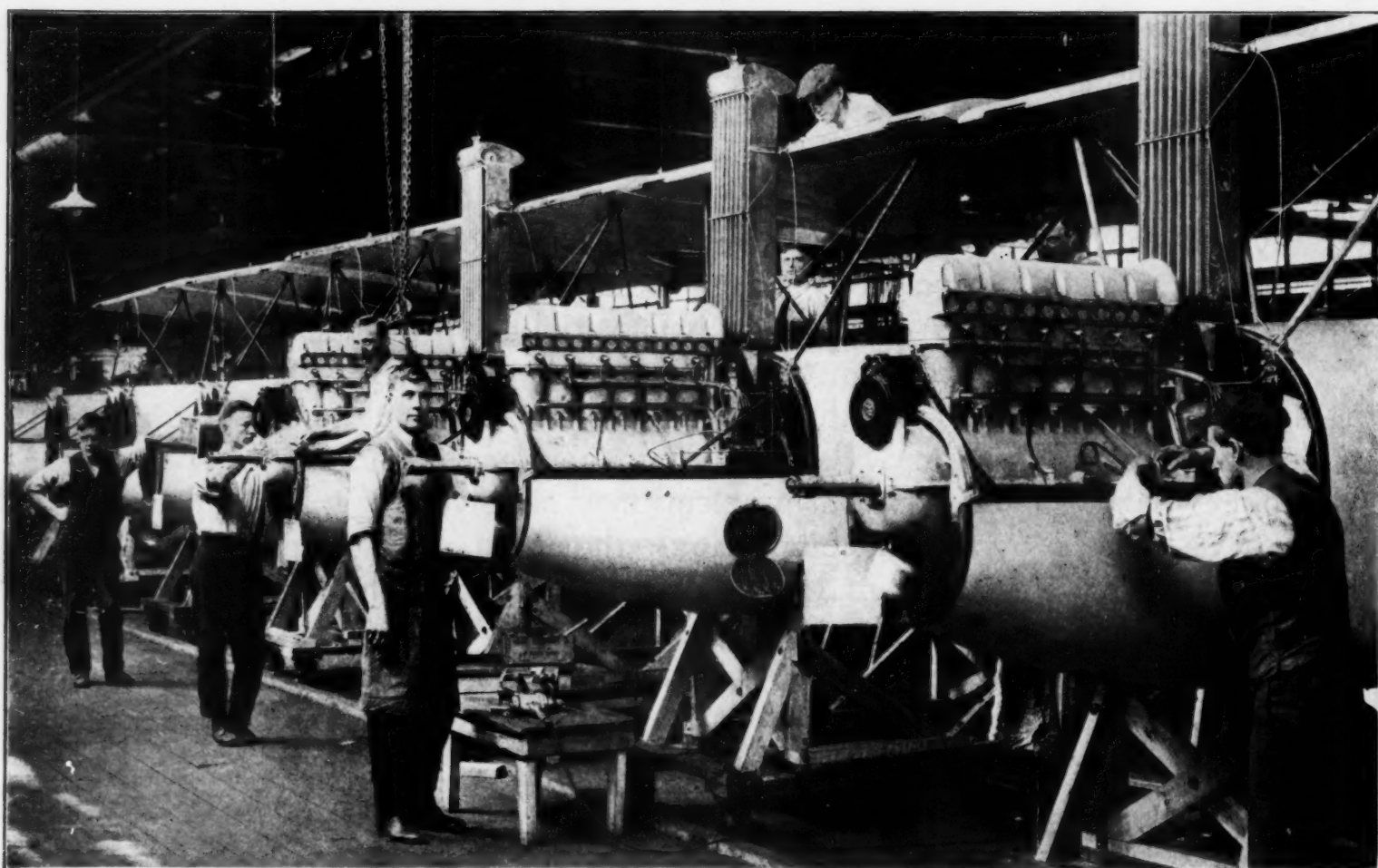
# AMERICAN INDUSTRY THROUGH THE CAMERA'S EYE—NO. 1



*Shaping the Frame of an Airplane Is a Job Which Outclasses Even a Watch Repairer's for Accuracy*

The proof of aircraft is in the flying. As a plane's arrival at an altitude of five thousand feet is no time for it to develop a preventable flaw in material or workmanship, the type of labor employed in aircraft construction is the highest there is. Ordinary care will not do; it must be super-care. Here, in the Glenn

L. Martin factory at Cleveland, men are shown assembling the wood parts of the wings. This work is carpentry or cabinet-making on a scale of accuracy undreamed of in either of the older trades. They safeguard the aviator. For approximating perfection, workers draw high wages, which they earn.



*There Is Military Precision in the Dress-Parade Alignment of These Newly Hatched Curtiss "Orioles"*

Installing the motor of an airplane is a task requiring much greater delicacy of touch than does the fitting of an engine in a motor-boat or an automobile. There is responsibility attached to it. If something goes wrong with the engine of a motor-boat or an auto, there is still the certainty that the boat will float, and the car will stand, but engine trouble in a soaring airplane is

unaccompanied by such comforting thought. The machines in the photograph, in which motors have just been installed, are Curtiss "Orioles" in the Curtiss plant at Buffalo. The high upright pieces are the radiators. The center sections of the wings are attached to the bodies. Spruce, which gives masts to the ships of the sea, offers staunch wing-frames for the ships of the air.





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Detroit's water-front is only a twenty-mile step in a three-thousand-mile boundary, yet twenty million quarts of whisky have flowed into the United States from Canada through this one port of entry.

## The Collapse of Prohibition

*Some Startling Facts About the Present-Day Traffic in Liquor  
and the Systematic Defiance of the Volstead Law*

By JOHN ANDERSON PALMER

Special Investigator for LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE commerce of the Great Lakes passes, for the greater part, through the Detroit River. That waterway is a connecting link in the chain of the Inland Seas and is also a part of the boundary line between the United States and Canada, a liquid barrier about a half mile in width, between legalized aridity and legalized semi-moisture. Its water traffic is endless. Under ordinary conditions, the average is a boat every three minutes. Slipping through the spaces in this line of regular freighters are small, but generally speedy, boats. Lightless, defiant of Federal and Dominion regulations, apparently heedless of consequences, these little ships dart from shadows into darkness, challenging destruction and death by fairly scraping steel stems, careless of the curses of harassed navigators.

These are the profit ships of prohibition, the rum-running fleet of the Detroit River, the source of supply of illegal liquor for the entire Middle West. In the last eight months, the total profits of this new industry have reached the one hundred million mark. The half-mile journey quadruples the selling price, if not the value of the liquid cargoes. So, night after night, these boats make mockery of the Volstead Act as well as the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America.

IT is estimated that two in every five homes of the land have their own private stills or beer-brewing apparatus.

In New York anyone with a friend and the price can obtain booze by the glass or in quantity. The same is true of Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco—all of the larger cities.

Despite the Eighteenth Amendment there is more drunkenness in the United States today than ever before. Drinking is done in secret and surreptitiously, and yet the police blotters in nearly every city reveal an increase in the number of arrests for drunkenness.

In Philadelphia the police records show 300 per cent. more arrests for intoxication from July 1st to November 1st than for the same period last year and prior to the Prohibition enactment.

Twenty million quarts of whisky entered the United States from Canada through Detroit alone, from January first to September first of this year.

Protests of enraged citizenry on the Canadian side, where the cargoes originate, avail nothing; efforts of license inspectors, provincial detectives, special officers and the Canadian Mounted Police result in arrests, fines, jail sentences and confiscated cargoes, but do not diminish the whisky tide. On the American side, combined efforts of Federal, State and city officers bring about captures and seizures, but for every man arrested, there seems to be another to take his place, and for every quart confiscated, another is loaded onto a boat.

The business of rum-running, as it is called along the Detroit River section of the border, is not haphazard. It is organized just as other big business is organized. There is no actual trust, so far as can be learned, but there is a sort of a loosely knit organization, or at least a "gentleman's agreement" as to prices and deliveries. Landing-places on both sides of the river are apportioned, and when prices fluctuate, the offerings are the same all along the twenty miles of water-front.

There are men who furnish the large capital necessary—brokers, who do not touch the actual goods; wholesalers, retailers, field men, scouts, guards, carriers, drivers and navigators. Equipment consists of motor trucks and motor boats, fast touring cars, warehouses, arms and ammunition. Operations are guided by keen brains and the potential loss of liberty merely adds sauce to the game.

Detroit's water-front is only a twenty-mile step in a 3,000-mile boundary. Yet from January 1, 1920, when war-time prohibition expired in the Dominion of Canada, up to September 1, according to the best estimates obtainable, 20,000,000 quarts of whisky have flowed into the United States from Canada through this one port of entry. The total was reached by averaging estimates of men whose duty it is to prevent liquor from coming into the United States and those of men who make rum-running their business.

Some of this whisky was bought on the Canadian side for as little as fourteen dollars for a case of twelve bottles. On the American side, it was sold at from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty dollars a case. The cost of transportation is, roughly, ten dollars a case. The difference shows why the rum fleet dares the law and the river traffic.

Fortunes have been made and are being made on both sides of the river, though the first cost of booze is much higher than it was at the start. One Detroit man made \$100,000 in a few months without having touched a bottle of the stuff he was selling, except that which he purchased for his personal use. He was a broker or "middle man." Even now his family holds the stock market responsible for his prosperity. But he does not dare cross to the Canadian side. On that bank of the river weeds in what were once garden-like fields are significant of equal prosperity. The land is not worked because the owners have too much money to invite toil. They laid away their hoes and took up liquor. These farmers have paid a quarter of a million dollars in fines, but they are still building new houses, buying pianos, phonographs, automobiles and Victory bonds.

But the mountain of gold is stained with blood. Men have been and are being killed because of this business. In the months of June, July and August, the number of homicides in Detroit increased greatly. The primary cause of this, the Commissioner and Superintendent of Police say, was rum-running. Three assassinations in one week were traced directly to rum-running. On the Canadian side, bets are now being made as to the length of time certain law enforcement officers will live. That they are still carrying on their duties is due to poor aim and not to intent.

Disgrace and financial failure are equally common. For instance, a Detroit man, once fairly prosperous and highly respected, was arrested for burglary. In court, he laid his downfall to whisky profits. He had engaged in several deals and his share was about \$40,000. Resolving on a big "clean-up," he invested his entire capital with that of a partner and the liquor started from Montreal in charge of an associate. But neither the whisky nor the partner ever reached Windsor. The Detroit man was "double-crossed" even to the extent of the joint bank account. There was absolutely no redress because the transaction was illegal and if he had complained, he would have been arrested for violating the Ontario Temperance Act.

Reference to this Act, which is the burr under the saddle of the rum-runner, necessitates explanation. Under war-time prohibition, liquor was barred and the Province of Ontario was as dry as the United States under a similar measure, and even drier, because violations were not winked at, but punished. But while the United States went from war-time to Constitutional prohibition, the Province of Ontario, though theoretically dry, was actually wet. The Temperance Act inhibits the sale of intoxicants within the province, eliminating the saloon, but it does not inhibit inter-provincial traffic in intoxicants so long as they are for the personal use of the buyer. Consequently there is nothing to prevent the Ontario resident from sending checks, money-orders, bank drafts or currency to Montreal mail-order liquor houses.

This same Temperance Act, however, makes the rum-runner just as much an outlaw in Ontario as he is in the Volstead United States. The only legal repository for whisky, beer, wine, etc., is the bona fide residence of the owner. Under his own roof, he can have as much as he can stow away, but it is supposed to stay there subject only to the natural wear and tear of the thirst of the owner. He can't sell it legally and he can't carry it around. If he is caught toting a quart, he pays a fine which, in the past, has been fixed at \$200. But many do sell and, therefore, the rum-runner and the rum-running fleet.

On the American side, as 1919 waned, liquor was becoming scarcer and scarcer. Michigan had gone dry May 1, 1918, and while there was some replenishment of stocks from wet Ohio until war-time prohibition struck

the nation, these were discouraged by State constabulary distributed at strategic points. The Detroit police were breaking up the retail business rapidly by not only confiscating stocks but by stripping "blind pigs" of all fixtures.

Three Canadian cities, known as "The Border Cities," are located just across the river from Detroit. They are in order of population, Windsor, Walkerville and Sandwich, the latter being the county seat of Essex county. The population of the district is about 65,000.

On both sides of the river are friendly dock owners, some of whom receive rental, which, in at least one instance, is said to amount to a dollar a case. And the width of the river is only about one-half mile!

As has been said, the resident of the Province of Ontario has but to send his money outside the Province

is the home of one of the largest distilleries in Canada and at first accepted orders mailed in Detroit, which did away with commissions.

The only hitch lay in the fact that the deluge of orders was too much for the distilleries and for transportation. Very early, the Walkerville distillery refused mail orders, and soon the Detroit liquor agencies, with a few exceptions, were closed up by their proprietors. Only small amounts were distilled during the prohibitory period and the Canadian law requires that whisky must be aged two years at least. Stocks were exhausted rapidly.

In those days when thousands of dollars, bound for Montreal, were pouring through the Windsor post-office and thousands more were brought over each night from Detroit, with bank clerks getting writer's cramp from making out drafts, the very best Canadian whisky was eight dollars a gallon delivered. It is twice that now, the government also having increased the tax.

Figures on the liquor flood released in Canada are difficult to obtain, authorities in the Border Cities declining to give them out. But in three days recently, 108,000 quarts came into Windsor, and in one month, 1,800,000 quarts. The total from January 1 to September 1 is estimated at 1,200,000 cases. It may have been more or it may have been less, but those who should know say this is a fair approximation. Another estimate is 102 gallons per capita. Officers refused absolutely to give any estimates as to how much of this crossed the river.

Drinkers in Detroit cheered loudly when liquor was restored to Canada. Those who did not dare or care to do their own importing were certain there were those who would do it for them. The bootleggers did not manifest joy, however. They had been growing rich and their greed for more gold brought about their undoing. They were on the wrong side of the market.

Whisky had been ascending steadily in price in Detroit and "\$20 booze" was a universal prediction. A ring, commonly known as "The Big Five," had the business apparently copper-riveted through controlling the supply, thousands of cases being cached in a big marsh south of the city. The Canadian Order in Council jarred the rivets loose. Whisky came across the river at once. Down went the prices until bonded Canadian goods were offered at seven dollars a quart or less than half of that which had been asked for bonded American brands.

But low prices for bottles did not rule for long, though the importations increased. The trouble was that the whisky did not stay in Detroit. From that city it flowed west and south, the big profits attracting capital from other cities not situated so fortunately geographically. Some of the whisky manufactured in Walkerville was shipped to Montreal by the distiller, shipped back to Walkerville purchasers by Montreal mail order houses, sold to rum-runners and eventually was consumed in Oklahoma. The Walkerville buyer paid a dollar and seventy-five cents a bottle, express included, while the earnest drinker who bought it in Tulsa parted with thirty-eight dollars.

Boats didn't bring all the liquor into Detroit that has come since the Ontario drought ended. Some, apparently for export, came by train. Cars reached the border full of liquor, but when they arrived at tide water, they were empty. Where their contents finally ended is a matter known only to those concerned in the distribution. But it is known that a young man who came to Detroit from the East apparently to sell electrical supplies, really made very few sales, yet his bank account grew "two grand"—which is the rum-runner and bootlegger's method of saying \$2,000—every week. As a former traffic manager for a large factory he knew all about railroads. Motor trucks too figured in the transportation scheme also after the river froze over. These motors were also aided by sleds and by boats fitted with runners.

As the weeks went by and the river became free from ice, the business of pulling profits from prohibition was systematized. More efforts were made to enforce the law, especially on the Canadian side. The Federal officers, the Detroit police and employees of the Michigan Food and Drug department, charged with enforcing the State dry law, co-operated and co-ordinated their efforts, yet little was accomplished on either side of the river. The river front is too long, the rum-runner too bold and the law has too few arms.

(Continued on page 689)



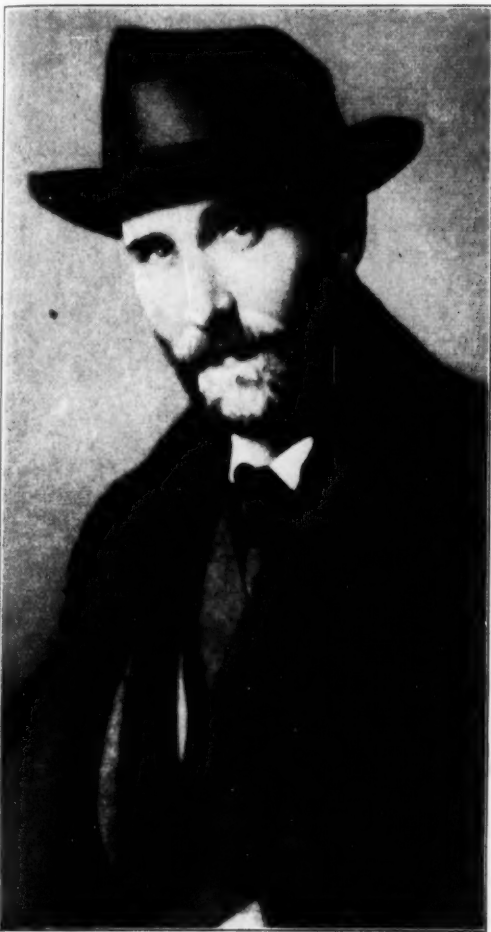
Every day the newspapers of the country publish stories like those reproduced above, showing the hopeless war of Federal agents and the activities of rum-runners, hootch-hounds and whisky addicts.

to get all the booze for which he can pay. The residents of the Border Cities were furnished still greater conveniences by liquor dealers. Coincident with the expiration of the ban on inter-provincial purchases, enterprising dealers opened offices on the American side. This led to the peculiar situation of liquor being sold openly in a doubly dry State. But when various statutes were studied, it was found there was no barrier. Only orders were taken on this side, and except for that the transaction was purely Canadian. Furthermore, the Canadian authorities held that an order placed in Detroit satisfied the Ontario law.

The discernment of those dealers was in the fact that thousands of dwellers in the Border Cities are employed in Detroit and other thousands have daily business in that city. No bridge having been built as yet, they use the ferries. The offices were so located that the ferry passengers had to walk by them at least twice daily. Nothing was simpler than to stop, place an order, leave the money and have the goods delivered at home without even the expenditure of postage. The transaction was simplified still further by the fact that Walkerville



# A Millionaire Hobo and a Boy's Dream Realized



James Eads How, who could live like the proverbial Prince if he so desired, but who much prefers to be a hobo and rub elbows with penniless, but often interesting, men.

## He Turned His Back On a Fortune

**R**IGHTLY rated as a man of millions, James Eads How, of St. Louis, has deliberately chosen the life of a traveling dishwasher, waiter, scrubman, potato peeler—and friend of hoboes.

A friend says How has won a new kind of success, because, having wealth, he has shown the world how to be independent of wealth.

However that may be, How is a most interesting study to anyone who is willing to take him seriously. He cannot be explained. He is baffling to his most intimate associates. When I asked him why he had abandoned his wealth and chosen to ride in box cars and live in cheap hotels, all the while trying to uplift tramps and hoboes, he replied somewhat tersely:

"Read the Sermon on the Mount. Maybe you will find the explanation there."

Nicholas Klein, of Cincinnati, his personal attorney, says a book entitled "The Ancient Lowly" has had much to do with How's views as to how he should live. Be that as it may, the big fact remains that he is quite "different" from the run of men who inherit millions.

How is connected with a powerful family in and near St. Louis. He is a grandson of Captain James Eads, railroad builder, and international promoter, who first proposed the Nicaragua canal, and later made a place for himself in history by building the Eads bridge over the Mississippi River at St. Louis. Nobody seems to know the actual value of his estate, but it runs into many millions. It consists of bank and railroad stocks, industrial investments, and houses and land in St. Louis, all held in trust by a St. Louis trust company. Knowing James E. How's peculiarities the mother willed him one half of his share outright, and tied the other half up in trust for life, so that he could not give it away.

James Eads How has had all the educational advantages of wealth. After passing through the schools of St. Louis he attended the College of Physicians and Surgeons of that city, from which he graduated an M.D. Next he studied sociology and economics for a year at Oxford, and finished off with a year in medicine at Harvard.

For twenty years How has traveled the United States as a common hobo in order that he may better understand hoboes. As a result of his travels and observations he has founded and financed the International Brotherhood Welfare Association. This brotherhood builds and looks after halls or stations for hoboes, tramps and bums in Cincinnati, St. Louis, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Denver, San Francisco, Chicago, Kansas City, Oklahoma City, Memphis, Louisville, Boston, London, Dublin, Stockholm and Tokyo. The income from How's estate is administered by a Welfare Association committee of five hoboes. As the income accumulates in St. Louis it is transferred to a bank in Cincinnati, where it is held subject to checks signed by at least three members of the holding committee. How has literally surrendered his estate to the control of the five men indicated. His will stipulates that his estate shall be administered by the holding committee just as it has been since the committee was created.

In crossing the Atlantic, which he has done dozens of times, How works his passage as a mule tender or as a kitchen worker. On one occasion his mother was a fellow passenger, but she enjoyed a first-class suite de luxe, while James E. played second fiddle to the cook.

On another occasion How wired for Mr. Klein, his attorney, to meet him in New York. Klein responded as quickly as possible, registered at the McAlpin, and took a taxi to the Mills where How was stopping at twenty cents a night. When Klein remonstrated, and urged How to live on a higher scale, he responded:

"It is perfectly all right for you to live that way, but not for me."

Albert Sidney Gregg.

## "It All Seems Like a Dream"

**T**WENTY-NINE years ago a lad of eighteen founded a newspaper, the *Sanborn Sentinel*, at Sanborn, Minnesota. The "founding" consisted of selecting a name. That important detail out of the way, he went to St. Paul to secure equipment to make his boyish dream a reality. In spite of six years spent in a printing office, he did not know just what he needed. He talked for three days with a salesman in a type-foundry, and picked out an equipment. When the time came to pay for it, he frankly confessed that he would have to give his note.

"But how much can you pay down?" persisted the salesman.

"I can't pay anything down," was the truthful answer. Baffled, the salesman turned the boy over to the president of the concern. The latter was a bit nettled.

"Do you mean to say," he demanded, "that you have had the gall to use three days' time of our salesman when you had no money to pay for your equipment?"

"Yes, sir."

The president gasped. "Why, why—" he stammered, "in that case, I believe I'll let you have it!"

C. K. Blandin was the name of the boy; today he is publisher of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* and the St. Paul *Dispatch*, the two leading newspapers in the capital city of Minnesota. "But," adds Mr. Blandin, "I had to borrow \$40 of the president of that concern to pay the freight on the stuff!"

In two years, he sold out and went to Wisconsin to engage in the fruit and commission business with \$2,000 in his pocket. "It took me only eight months to lose it," is Mr. Blandin's laconic comment.

He then came to the Twin Cities with \$5 in his jeans seeking a job. He naturally turned to the newspaper offices, preferring a job in an editorial capacity. For days he walked the streets unable to find an opening.

At last, the *Minneapolis Tribune* advertised for subscription solicitors, house-to-house canvassers. Blandin got a job on a commission. His back was to the wall, he had to fight, for his life depended on it. In two years, he was assistant circulation manager of the *Tribune*. Then he went to St. Paul as circulation manager for the *Pioneer Press*. This paper had only 5,000 St. Paul subscribers at that time.

Blandin pushed his rival paper, the St. Paul *Dispatch*, so hard, that it was forced to buy out the *Pioneer Press*. But Blandin went with the assets of the firm, becoming business manager, eventually general manager. When Mr. George Thompson, the publisher, died, Blandin became publisher in his own right.

"It all seems like a dream to me now," he says, for he is an extremely modest man, "and sometimes I wake up at night and the old feeling sweeps over me, that feeling I had when I was tramping the streets of St. Paul with only \$5 in my pocket, seeking a job. It all seems like a dream even now."

Mr. Blandin is one of the very few employers in the country, probably the only one, who is invited by his employees to attend their labor meetings and take part in their deliberations. In addition to his newspaper properties, he owns a large paper mill in northern Minnesota, a business exceeding the newspaper properties in volume each year. The employees at this paper mill, a class which has been trying to most employers, are the ones who elected him to membership in their union and insist upon his attending their meetings when he is at the mill. He carries a solid gold fountain pen which they gave him as an evidence of their love and esteem. Mr. Blandin confesses with considerable pride that he is prouder of that pen than anything else he owns in the world. "I have not forgotten that I came up from the ranks," he says, and "the only view-point I have in the world is the view-point of the working man."

Few men can, after twenty-nine years of what Champ Clark calls "unremitting toil," look back on their achievements, their successes, with the unaffected modesty displayed in that statement! Chesla C. Sherlock.



BROWN PHOTO STUDIO

C. K. Blandin, who has fought his way up from the bare ground and who is today one of the most successful newspaper publishers in Minnesota. When he went to the "Twin Cities" his capital was just five dollars.



Commissioner Wallis shows some of Ellis Island's new arrivals the tall buildings of lower Manhattan about which they have heard such wonderful tales in Czechoslovakia. Mr. Wallis has hired and fired and reconstructed at Ellis Island, until today he has an organization which is co-operating with the prospective citizen and showing him that Uncle Sam is his best friend—not his enemy.



One of the new thousands that need a helping hand.



Carrying all his earthly possessions, he arrives!

## A Practical Sieve for the Top of the Melting-Pot

*What One New York Organization Is Doing to Americanize the Immigrant Hordes Streaming Through Our Gates*

By WILLIAM SLAVENS MCNUTT

*Specially Illustrated for LESLIE'S by JAMES H. HARE*

**T**HE World War temporarily halted traffic on the bridge of steamers on which immigrants from Europe were pouring across the Atlantic to settle on our shores. Circumstances attending our ultimate participation in the World War proved to us that America was rapidly becoming more of a hash-pan and less of a melting-pot. Particularly our great industrial centers were being filled up with an apparently indigestible mixture of nationalities. It was proved that the various human elements thus poured into the American pot melted and ran together into a common element that assayed nowhere near 100 per cent. of good citizenship.

"Americanization" became a slogan as a result of this discovery. Everyone talked about Americanization, but no one did anything about it. The prediction was made that after the war things would be different; Congress would restrict immigration practically to the point of prohibition until such time as we succeeded in assimilating the as yet undigested foreign elements clogging our national body. The prediction was as false as most of the prophecies made during the war as to what would happen when peace came. Congress did not restrict immigration to the point of practical prohibition. The undigested foreign elements that clogged our national body were not assimilated. We still have a painful case of stomachache as a result of their presence in our system. We made the personal discovery—original with the first dyspeptic—that it is much easier to carefully select and properly prepare good food before eating it than to find remedies satisfactorily corrective of the evils resulting from bad food after it has been carelessly swallowed.

The World War is over. Immigration traffic on the bridge of ships has been resumed. Five thousand immigrants are landing here each day. Informed officials estimate that the daily total will soon be swelled to ten thousand. About 75 per cent. of the new arrivals are Jews from the Russian border states; the majority of the rest are Italians.

Perhaps it would have been better for the United States if immigration following the war had been strin-

gently restricted or stopped altogether until we had thoroughly assimilated whatever portion of our foreign food, passed by the lips of the country at Ellis Island, and found digestible by the application of educational solvents, and purged ourselves of the hopelessly bad before we indulged in further doubtful nourishment in the form of five thousand immigrants a day. That is a question for congressional debate, apparently limitless and practically futile. The arrival of the five thousand immigrants each day is a fact.

They form the same kind of food this nation consumed in such large quantities before the war, and we know that a certain percentage at least of that food disagreed with our national system.

Do you know why? I think I do. I think it was because the food was not properly selected at the first—not carefully sorted over for spoiled bits—and because it was not properly prepared. In fact it was not prepared at all. We just swallowed it raw after the merest casual glance in search of worms and rot spots, trusting to luck and the strength of our constitution to pull us through. We pulled through, but we were pretty sick and we are not feeling so perky even yet.

Do you know one of the main reasons why the foreign

food we took on in such quantities before the war, and with which we are again in danger of being gorged, was never properly selected and prepared? I think I do. I think it was because the immigrants form a food with which we are not acquainted. We do not know what elements to reject; we know far less about preparing it so that we may derive increased national strength from its consumption.

Do you know how we can learn to sort over and satisfactorily prepare this dish of 5000 immigrants that is now on our daily menu so that we may derive from it more of national nourishment, less of social, industrial and political indigestion? I do not know how, but I do know that within the week I have heard the only suggestion of a solution thus far offered that appears to have within it the seed of practicality. It is a suggestion worthy of serious consideration because the men who make it are carrying out their idea in deeds and because, in the past, they have succeeded, almost beyond belief, in much the same sort of work they hope to accomplish in the future.

Curiously enough, as our national indigestion, or rather its acute manifestation, grew out of the war, out of a necessity of the war came this plan for satisfactory Americanization of the alien. In war time it was tried and proved.

When we got into the war New York's East Side, an area of three square miles with a population of a million people, practically all of them immigrants or first-generation Americans, threatened to become a dangerous cancer spot in our national body. The district was crowded with enemy aliens who found rich soil in which to plant the seeds of their anti-American propaganda. Hundreds of thousands in that congested district, in which nearly all the peoples of the world are represented, did not understand the war or its purposes; they did not understand why America entered the war; they did not understand America, its language, its history, its aims. The enemy aliens were willing and able to preach false gospel to the ignorant. They preached it earnestly and to much purpose. As a result of their activities the First Liberty Loan drew from the million of people on the East Side only one hundred thousand dollars. It was a

**T**HE first Liberty Loan drew from the million people in New York's East Side district about one hundred thousand dollars. Our new citizens were not interested. They were ignorant—they didn't know. When the Fifth Liberty Loan drive was launched those same people calmly contributed fifty million dollars! They did so simply because a wonderful organization had fought a great fight to Americanize those who didn't know why we were in the war. What that same organization is doing today to help solve our immigration problem, William Slavens McNutt tells in this article.



disgraceful showing, and the minority of informed American citizens in the district took the disgrace to heart.

The Down Town Chamber of Commerce, with headquarters in the Bank of the United States in the heart of the district at 79 Delancey Street, took over the second Liberty Loan campaign. The organization is composed of five thousand merchants and other men of standing on the East Side, all of them citizens and 90 per cent. of them immigrants who have taken advantage of the opportunities this country offers the alien for full citizenship and success.

"We know our own people," they said to the Liberty Loan representatives from Washington. "We know what they are thinking, and why. We know the things of which they are ignorant and how to enlighten them. We know the anti-American forces that are at work and how to combat them. Leave it to us."

The Liberty Loan representatives from Washington were delighted to leave such an apparently hopeless task in the hands of such seemingly confident men.

The Liberty Loan organization of five thousand immigrants, who had become successful citizens, who understood both the country of which they had become a loyal part and their more recently arrived brother immigrants, who had not yet attained to understanding or citizenship, went to work.

They sub-divided themselves into twenty-two groups representing twenty-two different nationalities. At the head of each group they placed a superintendent, then an American citizen, but originally of the nationality of the particular race of immigrants with which he was to deal. The superintendents met in frequent conferences and took their orders from the officers of the main organization. These orders they passed on to the hundreds of personal workers in their respective groups.

### A Liberty Loan Miracle

THE personal workers were near neighbors if not friends of the people they had to educate. They did it on the street. They did it from behind shop counters when one of the doubtful ones dropped in to trade. They did it in the cafés in the evenings over the coffee-cups. Each one of these personal workers went at selling America and the war as he sold his wares. They explained to the little school children and got the children to pass on the explanation to their parents in the intimacy of the home. When the returns from the second Liberty Loan were in it was found that the East Side had contributed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"Great work!" said the representatives from Washington. "You more than doubled it."

"Rotten!" said the officers of the East Side organization. "We haven't had time to really get going yet."

Before the third Liberty Loan was floated the organization had time to "really get going." The more optimistic of the representatives from Washington, observing the work, dared to hope that the East Side might buy perhaps one million dollars' worth of bonds. Of that third Liberty Loan the East Side bought twelve million dollars' worth! Of the fourth loan the East Side took twenty-five million dollars' worth, and to the fifth and last loan they contributed twice that tremendous sum—fifty million dollars!

The East Side Liberty Loan Organization of five thousand immigrants who had become successful citizens had proved that they *did* understand both the country of which they had become a loyal part and their more recently arrived brother immigrants who had not yet attained to understanding or citizenship. They had made good as a liaison force operating between the native American, many generations removed from his immigrant ancestors, and those who are but beginning on the foundations of their family establishment in this country. They had jacked up the Liberty Loan contributions on the East Side from one hundred thousand dollars on the first loan to fifty million on the fifth!

About three months ago these same East Siders, who had worked such wonders with the Liberty Loan campaign among their own people, got together again. Again there was a situation that they took to heart. Americanization of the newly arrived immigrant was not being successfully accomplished. The foreign revolutionary agitator—the old enemy they had fought in the Liberty Loan campaign—was organized for the reception of the immigrant and in an excellent strategical position to work upon him successfully. There was no worthy organized opposition to the agitator's influence.

"We know our own people," these East Side veterans of the Liberty Loan triumph said again. "We know what they are thinking, and why. We know the things of which they are ignorant and we know



With Harry H. Schlacht, Director of the League of Nationalities beside him, Commissioner Wallis gives some advice to his charges at Ellis Island.

how to enlighten them. We know the anti-American forces that are at work and how to combat them. We'll attend to this matter of Americanization."

Then and there the League of Nationalities came into being on the East Side, or rather the old Liberty Loan organization was renamed for its peacetime activities. The officers and most of the working personnel of the new organization are identical with that of the old. Julian Goldman, President of the Down Town Chamber of Commerce, is President of the League of Nationalities. Joseph S. Marcus, President of the Bank of the United States, is Treasurer of the League. One of the other officers is Captain Henry Wolfson, who entered this country from Roumania via Ellis Island twenty years ago, enlisted in the American Army the month this country declared war and served on General Liggett's staff in France. Another officer is Harry Schlacht, Director of the Savings Department of The Bank of the United States, the son of an immigrant, born in the heart of the Ghetto, educated at Public School Number 22 and at De Witt Clinton High School. He was on the staff of the New York *Evening Mail* for a time and afterwards spent five years on the New York *Evening World*. He has been active in welfare work all his life.

"We are going to clean our own house," Mr. Schlacht told me. "We know how to do it, and no one else does. We have the same organization we had in the Liberty Loan campaigns and we are going to work in much the same way. Suppose, for example, that forty-seven Czechoslovakian families land at Ellis Island on a certain day intending to settle here on the East Side. We immediately get all the information concerning them. This information is turned over to the superintendent of the Czechoslovakian group. He appoints one of his workers to each family. If possible he selects some worker from the same village, or at least the same neighborhood, as that from which the immigrant comes. The worker calls on the immigrant immediately, shows him about the city, warns him of the sharpers that prey on

the newly arrived, brings him to lectures and entertainments given by the League, and gives him a simple groundwork of American history. He tells the newcomer of the opportunities which America offers to the law-abiding, and if possible persuades him to go at once to night school to learn English. When the time comes he helps him with his declaration of intention, acts as a friend, a sort of Big Brother until such time as the immigrant takes out his final papers and becomes a citizen. We made good in the Liberty Loan work and we are going to make good in this. We know our own people and we know how to help them to become good citizens."

The League has been at this work for less than three months as this is written, and already more than seven hundred recently arrived immigrants have felt the worth of its work, seven hundred immigrants who otherwise might have become anti-American and undesirable, without ever having once come in contact with a real American influence. The work of the League is purely local, of course, but there is no copyright on the idea. The officers are in receipt of daily inquiries from large industrial centers all over the country, earnest requests for information as to the method and its results.

Will it work? Our only immediate answer to that question is the remarkable accomplishment of the organization in the Liberty Loan campaign. "We know our own people. Leave it to us."

The inspiration and ally of the League in its present work is Frederick A. Wallis, the new Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island.

\* When Wallis took charge he found conditions at the island inexcusably bad.

"When I came here the place had gone to wreck," he told me. "The morale was bad. The attendants were most inhospitable, indifferent, autocratic. Sanitary provisions were inadequate. Both sexes were compelled to use one toilet. No towels had been allowed the immigrants in ten years. They were not even provided with drinking water."

### Some Much-Needed Changes

WHEN I discovered this I ordered the water turned on, but almost immediately some one knocked off all the faucets. The old order died hard and fighting to the last. Mothers with babies could get no milk, and when I asked, why I was told the chilled milk made the babies ill. "Then why not warm it?" I inquired. It seemed to be a novel idea, but it was done. This place is enough like a jail at best, and the immigrants who arrive here frightened and worn after the hardships of a long trip in the steerage have enough to undergo in their first contact with the United States Government without being bullied by brutal attendants and deprived of even the decencies of existence. I want the people who come here to get the impression that government is their friend, not a harsh enemy. I think it is the first big aid in making them good citizens."

Wallis hired and fired and re-organized, emphasizing always the value of the initial proper impression on the immigrant in the name of the Government at a time when the newcomer is in the highly emotionalized state of the pioneer at the threshold of his new home. Twice a week he turned the immigrants out of their prison-like buildings, addressed them through interpreters, furnished band concerts and entertainments and provided a picnic lunch on the north lawn.

On the last Sunday in August I visited the island to witness one of these ceremonies. Two thousand immigrants were grouped on the pleasant lawn before a decorated band stand. Around the corner of a building came the Shriners' Band, led by Commissioner Wallis and a Shriner bearing an American flag. The Commissioner explained to the immigrants that the afternoon's entertainment was a little ceremony of welcome. The band played "The Star Spangled Banner." Attendants passed around chocolates and cigars donated by friends of the new work. Singers and entertainers did little stunts in the various languages represented on the lawn, and then Secretary of Labor Wilson was introduced. Through interpreters he told of his own landing as an immigrant boy forty years before. He emphasized strongly the distinction between liberty and license and gave a little sketch of the traditions and purposes of America. Then a picnic lunch was served, and the faces of those immigrants, wan with fatigue and terror when they emerged from the stone-and-steel buildings that are so strongly suggestive of a penitentiary, became radiant with joy, with hope. It was a little thing, but it was their first contact with the Government of the United States. I can't help thinking that on account of it they will be less amenable to the bitter cynicism of the revolutionary Red and better material for the workshop of the League of Nationalities.



A little co-operation and friendliness is what the stranger needs—and occasionally gets, as in this case.



"You fellows seem to forget that about fifteen million men who were throwing hand grenades at each other a couple of years ago are now producing things. They're all doing something in spite of this talk you hear of revolutions, strikes,

soviets and six-hour days. Right here in America there are three or four million lads working who were kicking up mud in France not so very long ago. More production here, more in Europe. Supply and demand. Simple, isn't it?"

## Back To 98.2

*The Story of One Merchant Who Forgot that High Prices Couldn't Stand the Strain of Increased Production and Decreased Demand*

By SAMUEL HELLMAN

Illustrated by HAROLD ANDERSON

**H**AINES spoke irritably. "Take this, Miss James. Grossman and Kahn; Yours of eighth at hand reference goods shipped on fifth. How the devil do you folks think I can stay in business if you're going to cancel every order you give me? You've got to keep the stuff. That's all there is to it. Yours."

The girl raised smiling eyes from her notebook and shook her head reprovingly. "Tomorrow morning?" she asked.

"No; this afternoon," retorted her employer. "I'm not going to change my mind about that letter. Trying to keep up with these fellows is getting mighty tiresome. They throw me down every chance they get."

"They're all doing it," commented Miss James.

"Maybe, but it's got to stop somewhere. How long do you think I can last if this sort of thing keeps up? If those pikers get an idea they can cancel without any comeback, what's the use of staying in business. The Lord knows," he finished inconsistently, "I'm having all the trouble in the world cancelling stuff with the mills."

"It's only a temporary condition," soothed the stenographer. "Things will be all right again, soon."

"They'd better," muttered Haines. "or—"

"Shall I hold it until morning?" interrupted Miss James. "They are among our best customers, you know." "Oh, very well," surrendered the young man. "Write to the Hempstead people and try to talk them into taking that last bunch of serges off our hands. Down eight cents more. You know what to say."

The girl withdrew to her desk. With a gesture of weariness Haines turned his worried eyes to a study of price schedules in a dry goods trade periodical. Several black minutes passed.

"Hello," broke in a deep voice. "Busy?"

Haines looked up with a start, and smiled. His wife's Uncle Abner was ever a welcome caller. The shiny-pated old bachelor always carried with him a sample case of cheerful optimism and substantial kindnesses.

"Busy?" repeated the visitor, dropping a rotund form into the extra swivel-chair.

"Yes," was the slow answer. "I'm busy."

"That's good."

"Busy," went on the young man, "trying to hold my losses down as far as possible. Those damn mills! Look at this—that price list there in the first column."

Uncle Abner glanced at the figures. "Still going down, eh?"

"I should say," returned Haines disgustedly. "Stuff they sold me a month ago at \$2.40 a yard they're offering today at \$1.60, and there's no demand at that price. See these—" he picked a sheaf of telegrams and letters from the desk—"cancellations, cancellations, nothing but cancellations and hard luck stories."

"Well," remarked the elder man sympathetically, "you're no worse off than the other jobbers, are you? You didn't think prices were going up forever, did you? There's an altitude limit even for aviators."

"The question isn't how high they could go. What I'd like to know now is how far they can fall."

"My guess is," said Uncle Abner, "that prices in your line will go to pre-war levels—just where they ought to be, my son. You fellows seem to forget that about fifteen million men who were throwing hand grenades at each other a couple of years ago are now producing things. They're all doing something in spite of this talk you hear of revolutions, strikes, soviets and six-hour days. Right here in America there are three or four million lads working who were kicking up mud in France not so very long ago. More production here, more in Europe. Decreased exports, more for home consumption. Supply and demand. Simple, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's simple enough, but how could anyone tell when the balloon was coming down? Right after the armistice there was a slump for a few weeks and then, blooie, everything went skying again."

"Well, it's not so bad," went on Uncle Abner cheerfully. "You mustn't forget that you had two or three bang-up years—years when you made staggering profits on every yard of goods you sold. You ought to be in good shape to stand the gaff for a while."

"I'm not, though."

Haines moved his chair about so that he could look directly into the kindly eyes of his caller.

"Uncle Ab," he said slowly. "I'm in a devil of a fix. I'm worried sick, not so much about business as about Jane."

"Jane? What's the matter with her?"

"There's nothing the matter with her health. I'm sick though, sick all over, with fear—"

"Fear of what?"

"Fear of losing her respect, fear of appearing a failure in her eyes, fear of having to drag her down from her present standard of living."

"What are you talking about, boy. What—"

"Listen to me," went on Haines miserably. "You can't help me—no one can—but I want to get this off my chest. Three years ago I was making about \$2500 a year. We lived in a three-room apartment down on the south side. Jane did all the work and we were mighty happy, too. You remember?"

The older man nodded.

"In 1918," resumed Haines, "business began booming. Profits were so big, they scared me sometimes. We moved to that place on Lennox avenue at four times the rent. We got a couple of servants and an automobile. I took on \$20,000 in insurance, joined some expensive crowds and let Jane loose on the department stores. She bought and she bought, and I encouraged her to buy still more. Money kept coming in, faster and faster. Do you know what we spent that year?"

"Enough, I imagine."

"Thirteen thousand dollars, just about six times what we had formerly."

"How much did you save?"

"Nothing, except what I put into insurance, if you can call that saving—and a few Liberty bonds. They're gone now. I had to sell them."

"Go on, son. Tell me the rest."

"In 1919 business was even better. We spent nearly \$20,000. This year we started out on a scale—oh, what's the use of going into details. I'm broke now. I've even borrowed on the insurance."

"I see," said Uncle Abner gently, "and Jane doesn't know?"

(Continued on page 686)



# PICTORIAL DIGEST OF THE WORLD'S NEWS



*A Thrilling Play in a Thrilling Game that Forty-five Thousand People Saw*

ON the same afternoon that this picture was snapped in the Harvard Stadium during the Harvard-Princeton football game, approximately three million gridiron enthusiasts were watching somewhat similar battles from coast to coast. In the vicinity of New York city alone the five most important contests drew more than one hundred thousand people. The popularity of the

roughest of all sports is undoubtedly due to the "opening up" of the game. Mere brute strength and the ability to push and pull no longer count. Speed, brainwork and good training are what win games today. Forty-five thousand fans saw the play here shown. Murray, of Princeton, after a superb effort to circle Harvard's left end, has been brought down. The final score was 14-14.



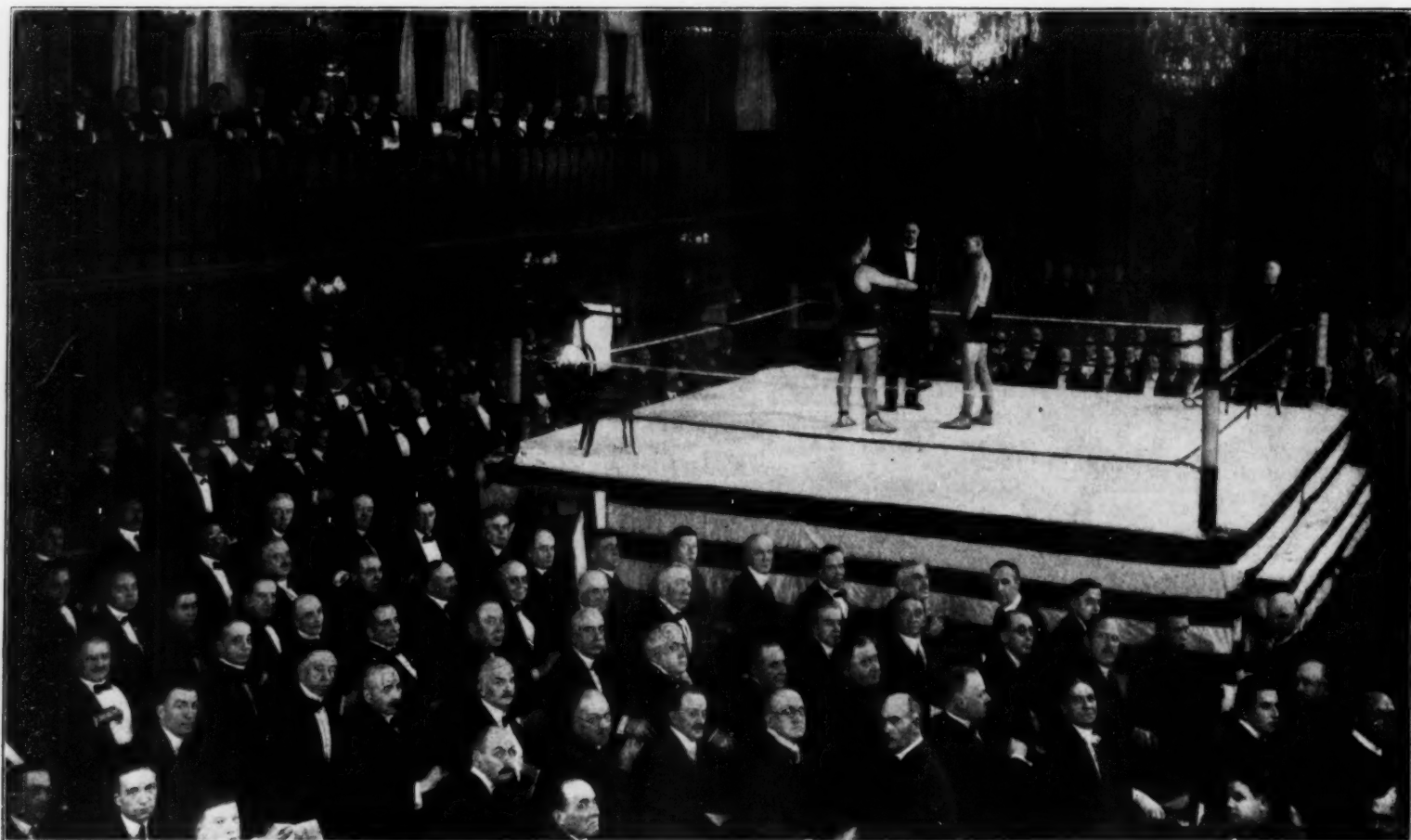
*LONDON TIMES—FROM BREITEN AND COLONIAL*

*The Scene of One of the Most Remarkable Ceremonies in England's History*

ON November 11th—the second anniversary of Armistice Day—there was staged in historic Westminster Abbey one of the strangest and most interesting ceremonies ever witnessed in England. While hundreds of the greatest dignitaries of the British Empire looked on, the body of an unidentified soldier was interred in the Abbey, where for years only the most prominent members of the

nobility and men who have contributed greatly to Britain's greatness have been laid to rest. The man honored was one of those whose graves in France are marked: "Here lies the body of a British soldier." The three men here shown are representatives of the Army and Navy. They are standing beside the final resting place of the hero whose identity will never be known.

# Pictorial Digest of the World's News



*Pugilism de Luxe in the Nation's Metropolis*

THE Greeks were, undoubtedly, adepts in the art of staging luxury-enviored sporting events; but it is a safe bet that Athens was never the scene of a more "de' luxe" athletic clash than this. The fistic fracas was one of a number recently held in the big ballroom in the Hotel Biltmore, New York, where were

gathered many of the most prominent men in the metropolis—some of whom didn't know the difference between a "solar plexus" and an "upper cut." The proceeds of the affair were donated to the Marshall Stillman Movement for Gangsters, the aim of which is to make better citizens of street-bred young men and boys who need a helping hand. Pugilism for charity's sake is something new.



*The Way the Russian Reds Treat Their Women*

IT is always rather difficult for an American to believe the reports concerning the way in which the Bolsheviki are forcing their women to do hard physical labor. Here is an actual photograph which should terminate the doubts of many skeptics. It shows a number of peasant women digging trenches under the watchful eyes of

an armed guard. How many millions of the "weaker sex" are today in a condition of slavery in Russia nobody knows; but plainly woman's lot in Lenine's Red "Utopia" is not a happy one, despite the order given when the photographer was on hand to "smile, damn you, smile!" Camouflaging agony is a Bolshevik science.

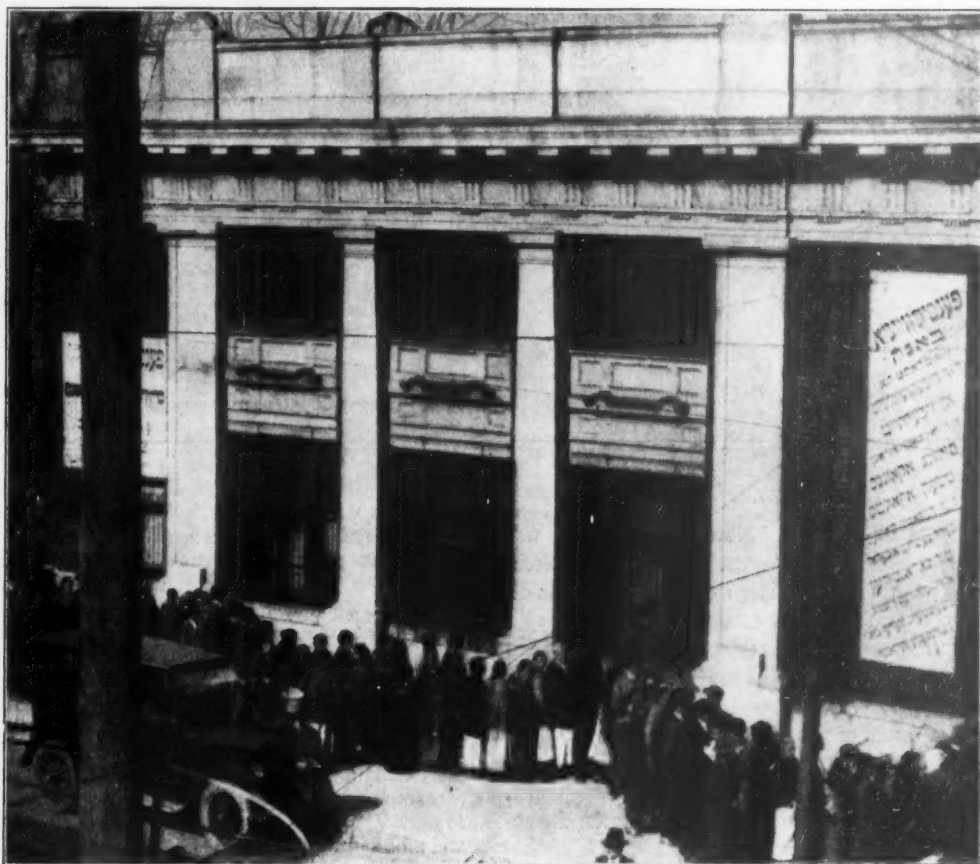


# The Camera's Record of Notable Events



*Do You Know Who This Is?*

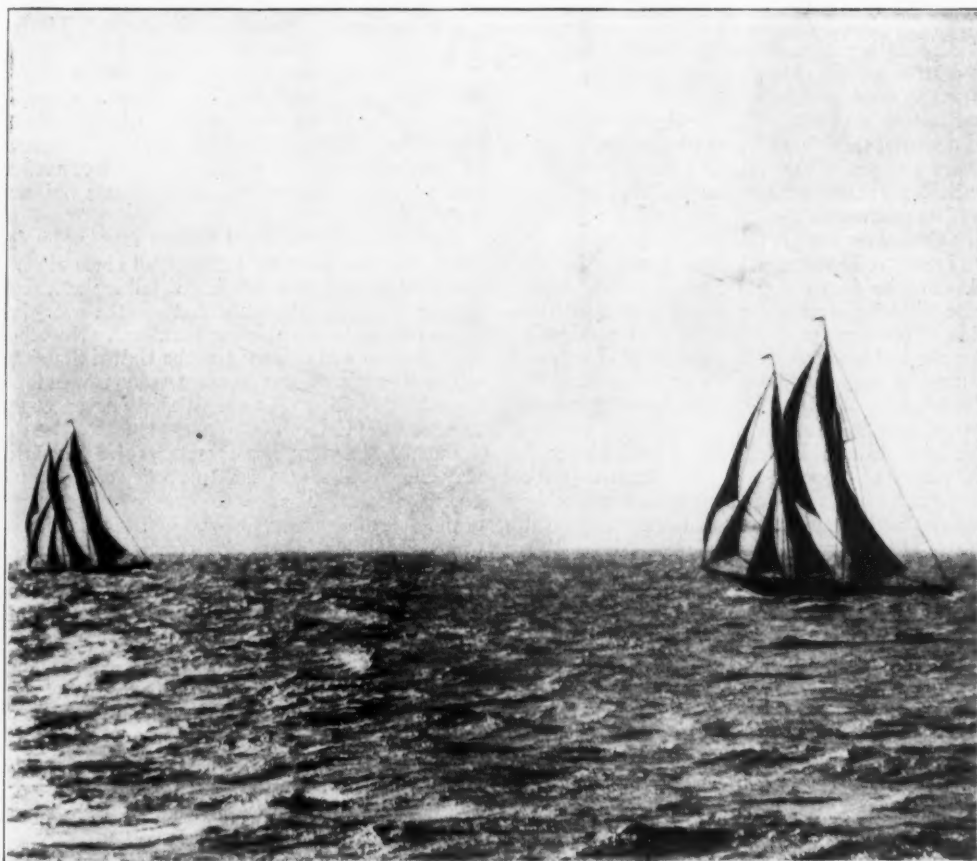
**F**EW who glance casually at this picture will guess that it is a photograph of our next President. It shows Senator Warren G. Harding, as he appeared just thirty-one years ago



*A Run That Ended When the Bank Paid Dollar for Dollar*

**F**ALSE rumors so frightened the foreign-born depositors of the Pennsylvania Bank and Trust Company, of Philadelphia, that they started a frantic run on the institution. There was con-

siderable excitement, and it was necessary to call out police reserves to keep order. The picture shows a line of panic-stricken depositors awaiting their turn to withdraw funds. The bank paid dollar for dollar.



*America Wins Again!*

**T**HE Gloucester schooner, *Esperanto*, gradually drawing away from her rival, the *Delawanna*, of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, in the second of the international races recently held near Halifax. The

American boat won two straight contests in the series, and captured a cup and four thousand dollars in money. The contests were followed with extraordinary interest by fishermen and yachting enthusiasts.



*He May Go to the White House*

**RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD**, lawyer and author, who, it is expected, will be named as the Secretary to the next President. Mr. Child is now practising law in New York City.

# EDITORIAL

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## The All-American Team

**T**HE election of November 2nd, 1920, was in truth a "great and solemn referendum." It will go down in history as an extraordinary example of the ability of a democracy to form and register sane and intelligent judgment upon a mass of new, confused, and vital issues.

The result of the election was not primarily a personal or party victory. It was, first of all, an expression of deliberate judgment of the nation upon the maladministration of its affairs by the Democratic Party during the War.

And it further registered the fixed determination of all classes of citizens to have a thorough house-cleaning in Washington and to make a fresh start by sending the ship of state to sea with a new captain and a new crew.

The new Administration will not have smooth sailing. It faces vast and complicated problems and it will find the machinery of government knocked to pieces by the war efforts, and hopelessly clogged by arrears of neglected business.

Mr. Harding's task will test his resources of mind and heart to the utmost. But he will have the people with him in cordial confidence and support if he follows a few fundamental principles.

The reactionary will be on hand, strong in the faith that the avalanche of November 2nd was an endorsement of his hide-bound beliefs. The radical, having tasted the sweets of power during the past eight years, will insist that he killed Cock-robin. But America is sick of reactionary and radical alike. The American people loathe a tyrant and are ready to rebel against him at any cost. We had an incipient tyranny of wealth and privilege a generation ago. It was crushed. Of late we have been threatened by a tyranny of poverty and brute force. The people have no stomach for this sort of thing and will put it out of business just as they did the other.

What the American people are determined to have is an American policy and program carried on by an American government. They want a national rather than an international administration. They desire that our problems shall be solved from the point of view of the whole people. They will not permit partisanship and sectionalism and class interests to control. They believe that the good of one is the good of all. They have chosen an All-American Team and they expect it to play an All-American Game. They do not want employer and employee to be used against each other; nor the farmer to be marshaled in battle array against the banker; nor the producer set at odds against the consumer; nor the public against its own agencies of general service; nor South against North; nor any breed or creed or class set aflame with suspicion and fear.

We must get together. That is the whole story.

**T**HE state of Industrial War which exists today is a crime against society. It must be ended or mended. We talk about a labor shortage. There is no such thing. The trouble lies in the minds of workers who go to their task like slaves, and slack and loaf and "strike on the job" because some one has made them believe that they are victims of a social conspiracy.

An understanding between Labor and Capital is the supreme need of the hour. This can be reached if the real men on both sides will cultivate a little backbone and take the leadership away from the reactionary and the radical. The majority of wage-earners are normal Americans. They prefer peace to war. They are ashamed of themselves for slacking and nibbling at their work. But they are afraid of a false public opinion created by class propaganda in the interest of self-seeking leadership. The employers of America today exhibit a sense of moral obligation and a readiness to co-operate which is most encouraging.

These matters have to work themselves out by slow degrees, but the plain duty of the new Administration is to place its Labor Department under the leadership of a nationally minded, rather than a class-minded, man and make it a national service rather than a class service.

Agriculture is and will continue to be our basic industry. But the economic structure is shifted from its base and agriculture is left without adequate financial support or machinery for profitable distribution of its products.

The Government can not coddle the farmer or any other interest. The farmer does not want to be coddled. But he does want and will have an equal chance with the other great public services of the nation. This means proper facilities for financing his enterprise and governmental oversight of distributing agencies and conditions, so that the farmer's profit is not absorbed in the no-man's land between the purchaser and consumer.

We have plenty of land, plenty of food, plenty of men, plenty of money. If we can learn to work together as a whole people and not against each other as classes and interests, we shall see the general standard of living raised to new levels.

**U**NDER Mr. Harding's administration we hope to see all the resources of Americanism used in the service of all the people. The solid South is changing. That is a good sign. We need to tap this reservoir of American tradition, character and ideals and bring it to bear upon the problems of assimilation in the North.

Then we have the right to expect great things from our new government in its handling of our foreign relations. Whatever working arrangement we may make with the other nations in the interests of peace and world-wide prosperity, one thing must be settled once and for all. That is as to whether American citizenship has any protective value when an American goes abroad about his lawful business.

We have a great foreign commerce to develop.

Our new merchant marine creates an obligation as well as an opportunity of magnitude. The shattered world must be rebuilt and America must help. But behind every effort at home and abroad we must strive to place the whole moral and economic resources of the nation.

This is the task of the New Government. If it can accomplish even a good beginning, it will achieve the right to rank with the greatest in our history. And a united public opinion is the first step.

LESLIE'S is glad to pledge its support to an All-American policy on the part of Mr. Harding's administration. We put the nation first and class and party and personalities second in our program. We are opposed to class legislation, sectional schemings, provincialism in politics or trade, or anything that tends to separate one group from another within our national borders.

This is the day of the All-American Team. Let us play the game!

## The World's Greatest Market

**A**N awakening China is the world's biggest market. The change of a nation of nearly a half-billion souls from the world's oldest civilization to twentieth century standards will increase its demands a hundredfold. China has only 6,000 miles of railroad. Think what it will mean to supply the steel, the bridges, the locomotives and all the equipment of an adequate railway system!

The new China will need modern farming implements, machinery for her factories, all kinds of electrical equipment, the telephone, talking machine, moving picture, automobile and all the everyday appliances of Western living standards. No other country is so well equipped as the United States to supply these needs, and no other nation stands in so favorable a relation to China. We have never sought to exploit the Chinese.

Twenty-one years ago Secretary of State John Hay announced the Golden Rule policy of the "open door" for China. The next step was our renunciation of the Boxer indemnity, followed by the education of Chinese students in American colleges by the use of this fund. The Senate debate on the Treaty of Versailles brought out universal condemnation of the Shantung settlement. Later still, on the initiative of the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan joined us in a Consortium, by which strong banking groups are to give aid to China in building of railroads and creating of modern industries. Japan checked the plan by her declaration that the Chinese provinces of Manchuria and Mongolia should be excepted from its operation. Here again we showed our friendship for China by securing from Japan, through the efforts of Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, withdrawal of these reservations.

China rightly looks upon America as her best friend. Ours is the unique opportunity therefore to be the leader in supplying the diversified needs of the new China, and in helping China in organizing her industrial life.



# The Liquid Wealth That Gushes from the Ground



UNDERWOOD

## An Account That May Be Overdrawn

It is said that twenty years more will exhaust the North American supply of petroleum, so escape from the high cost of coal does not lie in the oil well. This is a "tapped" section of California.



BUREAU OF MINES

## Hunting for Oil with Nitroglycerine

In many cases oil does not flow when ordinary oil-bearing rock is struck. Then it is customary to explode a hefty cartridge at the bottom of the drill-hole, whereupon the oil begins to "gush."



UNDERWOOD

## Where Oil Flows Like Milk and Honey

Like "the course of empire," the oil industry has taken its way westward. As a profitable venture, it dates from 1859, when Col. E. L. Drake drove the first successful well in Pennsylvania.



UNDERWOOD

## Filling Tank Cars with Oil

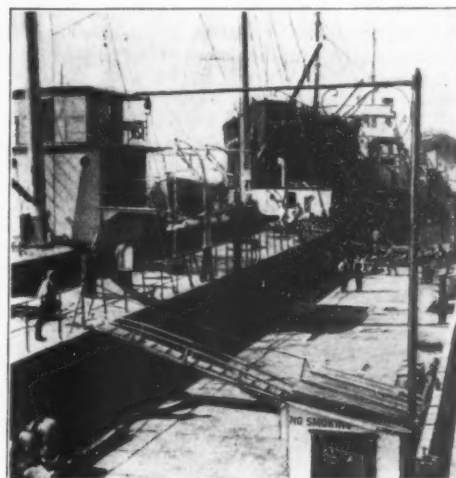
The pipe-line, however, is the transportation mainstay of the industry. Not an oil district, East or West, but is tapped by it.



BUREAU OF MINES

## What You Dream When You Buy Oil Stock

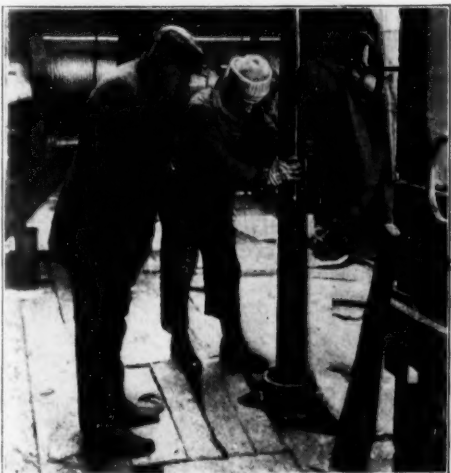
Whatever may be the limitations which geologists place upon the oil supply, there appear to be no limits at all to the supply of oil promoters. Last month, 115 companies were organized to engage in the oil industry.



UNDERWOOD

## Loading Oil at Port Arthur, Texas

The oil tankers were especially sought during the war by subs. Sixteen per cent. of the world's shipping is now oil-burning.



UNDERWOOD

## Drilling for Oil in Oklahoma

Drilling for petroleum is similar to sinking artesian wells. Drill-holes are cased with steel piping, many holes being driven in the same oil pool.



UNDERWOOD

## Part of the Refining Process

The refining of petroleum is carried out in cylindrical iron stills. A common size still has a capacity of about seven hundred barrels of crude oil.

## The Mother of Bolshevism

**R**ECENTLY I received the subjoined letter which is both illuminating and provocative of sober thought. Let the writer speak for himself:

"Dear Sir: I note with surprise and with pleasure also, your publishing a letter signed by 'One of the Boys that Knows,' under the title of 'A Half Baked Philosopher,' in your issue of LESLIE'S of October 2nd, and am tempted to further take up your time by also writing you in person, like he has done. My only fear is that you will not see it in the spirit it is written in.

"But let me say first, last and always that, while belonging to the ranks of labor, I pride myself on being 100 per cent. American. Our fight is not against any man's citizenship, but against the capitalistic class's treatment of the wage-earner. There is no doubt in my or any conservative laboring man's mind that, while labor is often aggressive, we could get together, provided Capital will first show an honest desire to do so.

"You ask why this bolshevik propaganda is rife in the ranks of labor, and I shall endeavor to point out some of the reasons as I have seen them. I know nothing of their dogma, nor do I want to. America and American ideals are good enough for me. Still, it looks as if we were sleeping over a live volcano, resting in fancied security, trusting to our patriotism to over-ride and overcome abuses caused by persons who put their pocketbooks ahead of their God, their country's welfare and the duty they owe to their fellow creatures.

"Now, what causes soil fit for such doctrines as anarchy, bolshevism and socialism?

"Just two things. First, greed upon one side and poverty and fear of poverty on the other. No man who hasn't experienced dire poverty has any conception of it any more than the man with health has until he loses it. The awfulness, the misery of disillusionment in human nature and the heart-breaking discouragement in it! I ask you, were you ever poor? That is, downright cruel, hideously poor? The kind that causes you when you look into the bakeshop's window to have visions of getting a gun and going out to get your share. The kind of poverty that keeps you from asserting your manhood. The kind that convicts you of vagrancy in the police courts without further process. This is the kind of poverty that makes men weak, envious and malignant and use dynamite and incline to anarchy and class-hatred, and prepares the way for this very bolshevik propaganda to take hold.

"And remember there is no one in the industrial army who hasn't experienced more or less of this kind of poverty I have described. It is fear of this and fear alone that makes them hate their employers, and is why they are always looking for some new Moses to lead them into some new promised land and so are willing to listen to these smooth rascals who talk like false prophets.

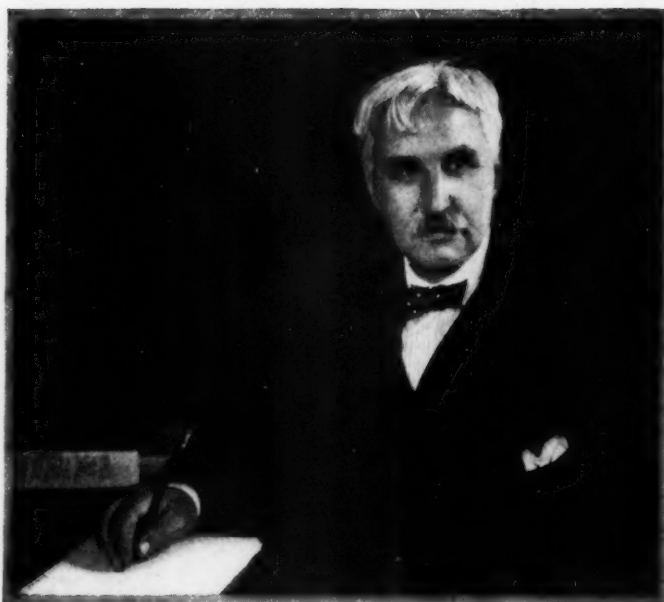
"Read between the lines of our half-baked philosopher's letter. Does it not tell a greater story than the letter itself? This man, like millions of us, has been caught between the millstones of greed and poverty till class-hatred is written in every line of it.

"I note wherein you say that it is distressing to see such a clear-minded man acknowledge the absurd belief that the war was a money-making scheme put over by Capital. If you will kindly remember, there were 104 American citizens drowned when the *Lusitania* was sunk. That when President Wilson went before Congress and asked for authority to declare war, he said it was for the protection of American citizens and American rights.

"If these reasons are rightly stated, how do you reconcile it in regards to our southern neighbor, Mexico? Since Diaz was deported we have had one invasion on U. S. soil by Mexicans. There have been one thousand five hundred odd American citizens butchered, millions of dollars of property confiscated, and to date our Government has made no step to give its citizens protection there.

"So you see you can hardly blame our friend for thinking that there must be a colored gentleman in the wood-pile, or ulterior motives in one case or the other.

"Again replying to your question, why this bolshevik? Let me say, that I have worked in shops, where the treatment of the help by employers has made more anarchists, socialists and bolsheviks than all the agitators put together.



Dr. Charles Aubrey Eaton  
Editor of Leslie's Weekly

## Dr. Eaton's Page

"You say, 'What Capital wants most is peace.' Excuse me, but I do not see where you are throwing any olive branches out, when you deny the right of Labor to bargain collectively, yet perfectly proper for your class to organize gangs of gunmen and arm strike-breakers to fight organized labor. They ask why we have no confidence in your desire for industrial peace. Capital wants peace, but on Capital's terms. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting so many times and that is why we look with suspicion upon any solution you might advance.

"In closing no doubt you will ask what I'd do to prevent this bolshevik propaganda. Frankly, I confess I see no sure way, but I believe a system of education in the right direction, backed up by an honest desire by the capitalistic class, will, if handled right, come nearer the true solution than all the putting in jails, deportations, and arming of strike-breakers ever before invented will do towards this end.

"P. S. I rely upon your word also not to publish any name to this as it will do me no good and might work me harm."

### Are Men So Different?

**T**HE value of this letter lies in its unconscious revelation of the state of mind of a representative American workingman.

It shows that the average American wage-worker is endowed with a keen moral sense and has the ability to think clearly provided he is furnished with facts upon which to build his mental processes.

It shows further that there is something wrong with our industrial organization and that this defect is the foundation for false teaching, malign suggestion, evil leadership and heart-breaking misunderstanding among men who otherwise would become citizens of great and permanent value to the Commonwealth.

Why should this free American citizen be afraid of having his name mentioned? Of whom is he afraid? The capitalist or the union leader or his fellow workers? Who taught him to be afraid and who works on his fears so as to keep him afraid?

### The Equal Balance

**T**HERE is no national law which does not affect, with absolute impartiality, every man of every class. There never can be one standard of virtue for the poor and another for the rich. The multiplication table plays no favorites.

Why should it occasion surprise among workingmen when a letter from one of their number is printed in a great national periodical? There are thirty millions of wage-earners in America. How has it happened that a third of our population should become insulated from the main currents of national thought and shut within the walls of class ideas?

This has happened and it means loss and failure, not only to the wage-workers themselves, but also to the whole nation. For there is no such thing as a class truth. There is no national law which does not affect, with absolute impartiality, every man of every class. There never can be one standard of virtue for the poor and another for the rich. The multiplication table plays no favorites. Unless the Press, the Pulpit and the School, reach and teach all the people alike, they have failed of their purpose.

### The Upper and Nether Millstone

**G**REED upon one side and poverty and the fear of poverty on the other—these furnish a soil fit for anarchy and bolshevism."

A good many intelligent people would credit the gentleman with having made a bull's-eye with that shot.

The fear of poverty is not in itself a bad thing. It may become the mother of thrift. It acts as a spur to endeavor, and some men, like some horses, do best under the spur.

Poverty is not always an unmixed evil. In fact, it is and has been looked upon as one of the distinctive Christian virtues, although there seems to be rather a feeble desire to practice this particular grace.

Greed, on the other hand, is always bad. It is plainly the outcropping of the hog in human nature. It is the fear of poverty run amuck. It is illustrated by the drunkard who often had too much but never got enough. Greed is at the bottom of most of our troubles today and has been equally fruitful of evil in every age and among every class. We can never come to permanent social peace while the fear of poverty embitters one half the people and greed drives the other half to self-destruction. Nor will it get us anywhere to infect the whole population with the greed germ and turn society into a glorified trough.

While all this is sadly true, still we must strive to see things as they are. I am a little shocked that the writer should ask an editor if he were ever poor. Does the gentleman not know that poverty is the portion of every really successful editor? The starveling callings today are those whose duty it is to create character and cultivate intelligence among the people. Any number of trades have a higher wage scale than either teaching, preaching or writing.

The wage worker used to be one of us. Poverty and the fear of poverty haunted his soul. But not today in America. The modern wage worker has moved a long way from the shop window filled with unattainable dainties. He now occupies a position about half-way between empty poverty and gorged greed. If he and everyone who really works can only stay in that happy middle ground, it will gradually eliminate the greedy among both extremes while the vicious, unfortunate and weak can receive their portion as charity.

### Mexico as Exhibit A

**T**HE writer of this most suggestive letter is not quite convinced that the world-war was not gotten up by wicked capitalists. He wants to know why President Wilson asked Congress to declare war against Germany in order to protect American rights and American lives while in Mexico neither American rights nor lives have been respected for years, and we are still in a state of profound peace with that country.

I can only reply that millions of our fellow citizens have been bothered by the same question, and on November 2d they took steps to obtain an answer.

Meanwhile, I am still of the opinion that Capital needs peace. So does Labor. So does the whole world, and we shall secure permanent peace, political, economic, and industrial, only by united action against the twin monsters of Fear and Greed.

The first step towards this is for both parties to come out in the open. Let them look each other in the eye and say their say, face to face, like real men.

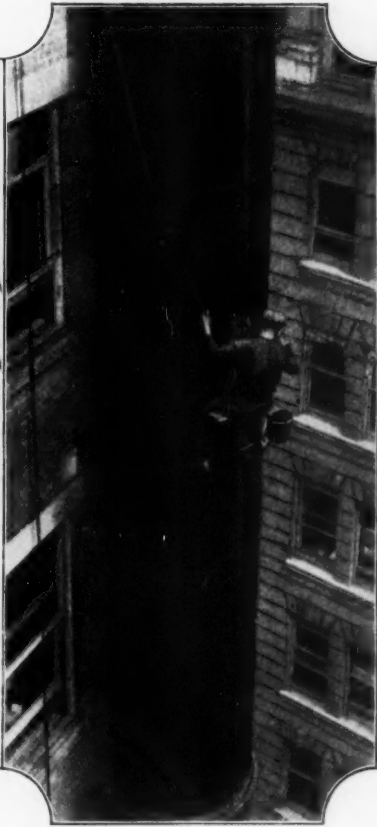


# Human Flies of Industry as They Buzz Aloft



**Far from Madding Autos**

From the top of his derrick, forty floors up, this man regards the street as a dangerous place, full of dreadful traffic perils which he is escaping.



**In an Airy Studio**

A type of still-life painter who is not afflicted with temperament. Third story or thirtieth, it is all one to him. He rather likes the high spots.



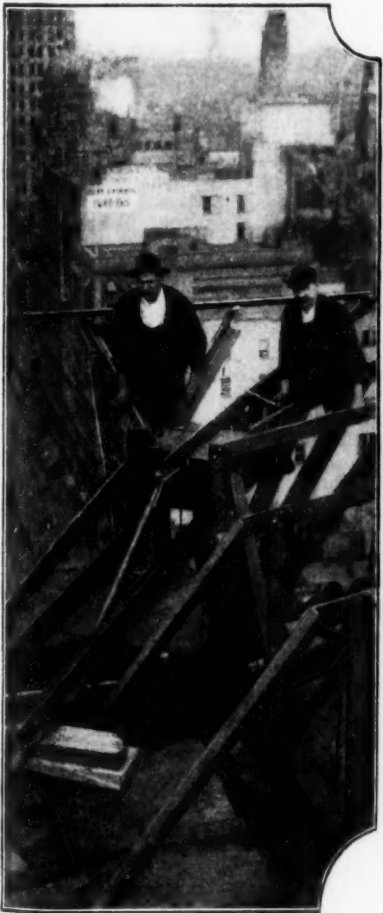
**Warming His Hands**

A job on the upper works of a machine shop has this advantage: Though the enveloping air is fresh, it is steam heated by the exhaust pipe.



**Over the Public's Head**

Not an executive position, yet one in which the holder has thousands of men under him every day. They are not very envious ones, either.



**Thoroughly at Home**

Open-work is common both in hosiery and cornice-building. By the latter, at least, these men's heads are not turned.



**No More Nervous Than an Eagle on a Mountain-Top**

There is nothing drawn or tense about a steel-worker on his job. He can relax as readily as an elevator-starter, or a third vice-president in a swivel chair, this notwithstanding that he may be (as he is in the picture) five hundred feet above the street. The public, quick to tire of most sensations, still responds with a thrill to the sight of these dots against the sky. Where previous generations got their fill in watching a steeplejack, or a sailor at the masthead of an old square-rigger, moderns revel in whole squads of aerial daredevils, at altitudes treble the height of the tallest mast or church spire.



**Adjusting the "Stars"**

Somebody must do this since electric signs mount higher and higher. The elevated railway looks almost as low as a subway.

## Bringing Home the Movies

THE problem of how to keep the children at home nights has been made materially simpler through the invention of the spirograph.

This machine, recently perfected, will have a domesticating influence upon father and mother too, for it will bring the movies into the home circle, and make the whole family independent of the weather's whims. Indeed, combining with the phonograph, it may set up an effective embargo against the family's going out. Spirograph pictures are not projected from innumerable feet of film, but from a flat disc, so there is no winding to be done. The pictures are arranged in spiral order, with the first view starting on the outside, or largest, diameter of the circle. Approximately, thirty-five pictures a minute may be shown, and there are sub-titles besides. For these, stops may be made at the will of the operator, or his audience. By tilting the machine (as shown in the center illustration) the



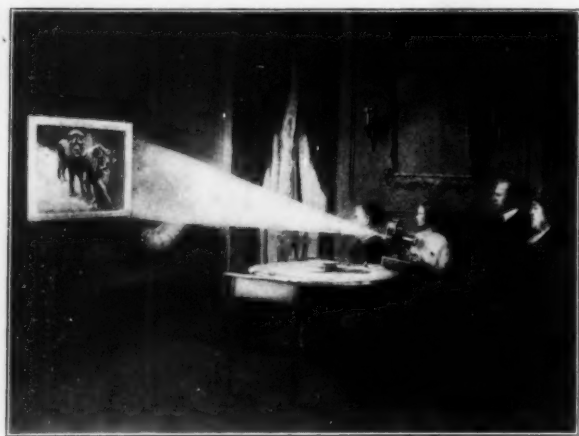
## NEW FACTS IN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

spirograph may be converted into an animated microscope, the possibilities of which are legion in the educational field. Weighing but eleven pounds, the machine is readily portable. As for the discs, fifty of them weigh less than sixteen ounces. Discs having a diameter of ten-and-a-half inches contain no less than thirteen hundred pictures, or the equivalent of eighty-three feet of ribbon

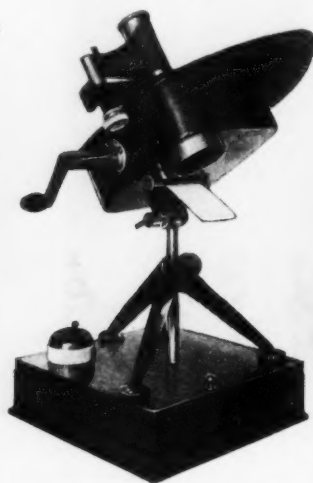
film, such as is used in the movies. The lamp employed in spirograph projection is about thirty candle-power.

## A Tree Sacred to Lincoln

NOT far from the imposing Grant Memorial in the city of Washington is a memorial to Lincoln, green and widespread—a hornbeam tree planted by the latter in 1861, the first year of his Presidency. When the Grant site was chosen some years ago, the choice necessitated the removal of the great tree to some other part of the Botanical Gardens, and protests came from every quarter, the writers fearful lest the transplanting would prove fatal. It did not so prove. Those who attended the recent raising of the equestrian statue of Grant could not doubt the robust health of the Lincoln tree. Hornbeams are natives of Europe, slow of growth, but magnificent when grown. They attain a height of a hundred feet. Their wood, when polished, is closely akin to ebony.



The spirograph in its role as motion-picture projector with incidental music by phonograph, if desired.



Tilted at this angle, the spirograph will serve as an animated microscope.



The glorious tree which for fifty-nine years has been a Washington memorial to Abraham Lincoln.

## Back To 98.2

(Continued from page 678)

"No, she doesn't. I haven't had the nerve to tell her. I've been hoping that things would get brighter, but it wouldn't do me much good now if they did," he finished despondently.

The visitor placed a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"The situation must be made clear to Jane at once."

"But how can I," mumbled Haines. "I have educated her into the belief that I am a great money-maker, that we were going up and up with the sky for a limit. It's all my fault. Jane herself has an economical bent—that is, she used to have. In the early days she often expressed doubt about the permanence of our prosperity, but whenever she'd talk saving or retrenchment I'd scoff and buy her a present for a couple of hundred dollars. I'd even get angry at her lack of confidence in me. That's the kind of ass I've been."

"That was foolish," admitted Uncle Abner.

"Foolish!" burst from Haines. "It was criminal. I have utterly destroyed every habit of thrift in her. Against her inclinations I have made her a slave of finery and leisure. Now she is infatuated with our standard of living. Automobiles, rich friends, jewelry, luxurious furnishings—all of them have become essentials of her happiness. How, in God's name, can I go to her and tell her that we are poor—poverty stricken; that she will have to go back to three rooms and grub in a kitchen

I, who have assured her a thousand times that our skimping days were gone forever?"

"My boy, you are doing Jane an injustice. She will understand."

"You seem to forget," returned the

young man, harping on the point of self-accusation, "that it was I—I who put in her mind disgust for muslin dresses and imitation furs and a passion for silks and sables."

"Yes, I appreciate the situation, but," persisted Uncle Abner, "you must tell Jane at once."

"That I am a failure, a four-flusher? That I have deceived her? That I have made her the laughing-stock of her friends? That I am a cheap braggart, that I—"

"All of that, if necessary," interrupted the older man, "but it will not come to that. I know Jane, my boy, perhaps even better than you. Listen, son. I understand your feelings thoroughly. I know how much harder it is for those who have eaten cream cakes to get down to dry crusts than for those who have had nothing but crusts to face starvation. You have made a mistake, no doubt, but in the past few years hundreds of thousands of other Americans have fallen into the same error. The whole country has been gripped by an epidemic of spending, spending without giving any thought to the simple, homely fact that whatever goes up must come down. You are merely one of the countless victims of the epidemic. Few, indeed, have had the foresight to immunize themselves against the collapse at the fever's end by the inoculation of the saving serum. Most young fellows, made suddenly prosperous, have done just as you have. I venture to say that this very day there are thousands of men in exactly the same situation you find yourself in—men who established new and extravagant standards of living that they can no longer maintain now that we are getting back to what Mr. Harding calls 'normalcy.' There is only one thing to do. Tell Jane the whole truth

and make the return trip together. She is sensible—"

"She was," cut in Haines gloomily, "before I put crazy notions in her head. Just think, only two months ago I talked to her about building a \$50,000 home at High Crest. She's milling around with plans now."

"I could offer you money," said Uncle Abner, "but I won't."

"It wouldn't do any good," muttered the young man. "It would take more than you have to pull me out of this hole. You see that stuff back there? It stands me about \$60,000 and I couldn't sell it today for \$40,000. I've been thinking of taking—"

"Bankruptcy?"

"What else is there to do?"

"Buck up, my boy, buck up. It isn't that bad. I feel sure that if you'll cut down expenses to the bone and get out and hustle you can still finish the year without any great loss and you know, of course, in a pinch—"

"Thanks, Uncle Ab, but I've already borrowed all I want to. I've got to find some other way out."

"There is but one way out. Get back to three rooms and begin over again. You're young enough to profit by experience. You'll become prosperous again, but the next time it will be along the slow road of sanity. Tell Jane tonight."

"I might as well."

"Certainly. No matter what you do, bankruptcy or anything else, she's going to find out that you are busted. How do you think you can get away with it?"

"I thought," began Haines.

"Never mind what you thought, son. Sure you'll tell her?"

Uncle Abner rose.

"I'll tell her," promised the young man.

"Yes—you will not," muttered the caller as he walked onto the sidewalk; "you haven't the nerve. Well, I guess—"

THE Haineses lived at the Braxton Towers, a gaudily new apartment house with a stuccoed Byzantine front. It was set back several yards from the building line, insolently displaying, in a grassless and treeless block, a wide strip of lawn as if to show its contempt for costly front feet.

Mechanically Haines entered the elevator and was lifted to the third floor. A uniformed maid opened the door.

"Mrs. Haines home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. She just came in."

A small table with an onyx top in the living-room off the hallway caught his eye.

"It came this morning," replied the maid to the unasked question. "Isn't it pretty?"

There was a flash of blonde hair and figured blue silk and warm lips pressed on his.

"Early tonight, aren't you, honey?"

"A little," muttered Haines looking into his wife's laughing face.

Jane was a distinctly pretty woman of, perhaps, thirty, with a mere suggestion of plumpness.

"What's that?" asked her husband pointing to the table.

"What does it look like, silly. A grand piano?"

"I mean, when did you get it?"

"Yesterday. Down at Hammett's."

"How much?"

"What do you care?" pouted his wife. "You told me all you wanted to see was



the bills at the end of the month. What do you think it cost?"

"Fifty dollars," hazarded Haines wondering where the money was coming from. Jane laughed. "Don't be ridiculous. It's worth that without the top. They wouldn't let you look at it for fifty. Two hundred and twenty-five and it was a bargain, too."

"Good heavens, dear—"

"You remember," she went on heedless of the interruption, "you told me to get it."

"I did?"

"Certainly. Don't you remember at the Stillson's new place last month? I didn't buy it then because the bills were kind of heavy and I thought I'd wait. Wasn't it sweet of me?"

"Uh, huh," and the message for her that was burning in his brain died out into, "dinner ready, dearie?"

Haines ate with so little appetite that Jane noted it. "Aren't you feeling well, Jack?"

"Just a little tired," was the mumbled response.

"You're working too hard, dear. Why don't you take it a little easier. We don't need so much money, anyhow not until we start the house."

"The house?"

"I was telling Mr. Hammett about our plans today," went on Jane, "and he showed me the loveliest sets and drapes. You know, honey, I think it would be a good idea to let him furnish the place from top to bottom. He has such wonderful taste."

"It tastes all right," muttered Haines. "I'm just not hungry."

"John Haines, aren't you listening to me. I don't believe you heard anything but the last word."

"Yes, I did, dearie. Tell me, what did you do today?"

"Bridged it at Helen's."

"Make expenses?" asked her husband with forced lightness.

"Yes, I made some. Lost \$13.00. And we only played for a fifth. We always play for a cent, you know, but that funny Mrs. Spear objected. She said her husband's business was not very good and it was a sin to waste money at cards. I'm glad my hubby's—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the feeling of relief that swept over him. She had provided the opening needed for the support of his waning courage.

"Jane," he said slowly, "business isn't as good as it used to be not only for Spear but for all of us. I want—"

"So it has ended," interrupted Jane with a queer tightening of the lips.

"What do you mean?"

"Go on, honey. I was thinking of something else."

"Please pay attention to me," went on Haines with a trace of irritation. "Trade is dull and we've got to watch expenses."

"Yes," said Jane soberly. "I'm sorry."

Haines looked into his wife's eyes. The happiness had died and in them lay a sadness that went to his heart. He forced a laugh.

"We're not broke, sweetie, or anything like that. Just a temporary slump, a condition that you must expect in business, you know. It will be all right in a few weeks. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, Jack dear, I understand," but the voice was toneless and unencouraging.

The dinner was ended.

"If you don't care," announced Jane, "I'll lie down a while. I have a headache. Too much cards, I guess," she finished with a smile.

Haines walked into the living-room and threw himself on the davenport. He gazed at the rich velvet cushions with a bitter grimace. The piece of furniture with its covers had cost \$800—more than he had earned in the last two months.

His eyes marked out the other furnishings of the costly room—the emblems of a prosperity that was no more. His thoughts wandered darkly back to the little flat on

Grand street and its plain fittings from the installment house. They centered on the oil-clothed table in the tiny kitchen where they had always eaten their breakfasts and many of the other meals. A vision of the Jane of those days rose before him—a vision of a young woman in a gingham apron leaning over a gas stove and wiping the perspiration from her eyes with an edge of the garment.

How could he send her back to that and still retain her love or even her respect? Half aloud he cursed himself for his boasting, his vain braggadocio. An idiot should have known that the prosperity that had come to him so suddenly was caused by the war and would end with the war. And the new friends they had made—the rich friends, what would they say?

"Four-flusher," they'd call him.

Four-flusher! The expression fitted Haines's mood. That's just what he was—a four-flusher. He had tried to bluff a windfall into an estate, an isolated gold pocket into a Comstock lode. Yet it was not he who would suffer, but Jane, the innocent victim of his hollow vanity.

With introspection and self-analysis the gloom of his mind grew blacker. Strange thoughts came from behind the shadows. His insurance! Thirty thousand minus what he had borrowed would give Jane an income of perhaps fifteen hundred a year. Pitifully inadequate, yet she was young and beautiful and she would have no trouble marrying again. He would leave a note making it plain that he had no objections.

The policies were all more than a year old, he reflected, and therefore uncontested for any reason. With a sudden effort he shook himself free from the clammy grip of his thoughts. God, what was he thinking of? What was this he was planning? He took a cigarette from his pocket.

"John," came a voice from the rear.

With a start he dropped a half-burned match and ran with sudden fright to Jane's room. She was sitting up in bed, smiling.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

"Yes, honey, but I had the funniest dream."

"What was it?"

"I dreamed that we were poor again, frightfully poor and—"

"And what?" he asked eagerly.

"That's all, dear. Isn't that enough for one night?"

**T**HE next few days passed somberly. At the office Haines strove with almost hysterical desperation to turn the tide running against him, but with little avail: at home he said little and Jane apparently was in no mood to encourage conversation. He never mentioned business or finances to her, and she asked no questions. Occasionally he thought she looked at him strangely but he was too preoccupied to seek reasons or explanations.

At the end of the week a broad ray of light broke into the murk of the jobber's office. It was late in the afternoon, a few minutes before closing time, when Jacob Hart, the largest manufacturer of women's garments in the city, dropped in.

He was brief, gruff and to the point. He understood that Haines had a large stock of piece goods on hand that could be purchased at a reasonable figure.

"That right?" he asked.

The young man assured him that he was always trying to sell goods.

Hart shrugged his shoulders.

"Show me."

Haines led him back to the stock room. In half an hour they were back in the office. "I'll take all your serges, tricelines, velours and duvetynes," said the manufacturer, "at the market."

"All!" gasped Haines, losing his professional poise. "Do you think the prices are going up?"

"What do you care what I think?" snapped Hart. "Wanna sell 'em or don't you?"

Haines's mind worked rapidly. With ready cash everything was possible. With a stock of goods going down every day and

with no purchasers nothing was possible but bankruptcy. As for Hart he was in a position to hold the stuff indefinitely.

"What terms?" asked the jobber.

"Third cash. The rest sixty and ninety. Usual discounts. All right?"

"It's a deal."

"See you tomorrow," said Hart shortly and walked out.

Five minutes later Uncle Abner came.

"Things looking up any?" he asked cheerfully.

"A little," was the response. "Sold Jake Hart a \$15,000 bill."

"Good! Fine!"

"Listen here," said Haines suddenly. "Did you see Jake today?"

"No," was the answer, "not today."

The telephone rang and the young man went to answer.

"It was Jane," he explained on his return. "She's coming for me in the machine. Won't you have dinner with us?"

"Good girl," smiled Uncle Abner. "No. I've another engagement. Next week, maybe."

Haines was waiting at the curb when his wife drove up in the smart little coupé he had bought for her last birthday. He greeted her with cheerfulness.

"You must have had a good day," remarked Jane as he sat down beside her. "It's the first time I've seen you look happy in a week."

Carefully she guided the car through the evening jam. Haines lay back with a contentment he had not felt for months. The machine turned sharply to the right.

"Where are we going?" asked the young man.

"Let's ride about a while," replied his wife. "It's so nice and cool."

Out of the downtown district Jane drove toward the south side—the unfashionable south side. The streets and other landmarks were familiar to Haines, though he had seen little of them in the past three years. The west end held little commerce with the folk beyond the railroad tracks.

The car turned into Grand Street.

"Hasn't changed much, has it," remarked Haines. "There's the old place. Hello! What's the idea?"

The coupé had stopped. Jane opened the door.

"Come," she said simply.

"Where are we going?"

"Into the old place."

"What for?"

"Don't ask questions, dear. You'll find out in time."

Puzzled, Haines followed his wife up the steps of the weather-beaten double flat.

"What's this all about, anyhow?"

Jane did not answer. From her purse she took a key and opened the door of their former residence.

"Come in, dear."

With perplexed hesitation he followed her into the small parlor. His eyes fell on the mahogany table in the center of the room and focused on a brown groove at the far end. A cigarette carelessly left there three years ago had made it.

"Jane! What—" Haines glanced about with ludicrous helplessness, and his wife laughed.

"Isn't that our old table?"

"Yes, Jack, that was the soft reply. "It's our table and our chairs and our davenport—our home."

"I don't understand. I—"

"It's very simple, dear. The fever is over and we're back to health again. Take off your hat and coat, honey. We're going to stay. We're home, Jack."

Haines was still gazing about with wide-eyed amazement. "Home?" he repeated dully. "Home! Am I going crazy?"

"Sit down," said Jane, "and I'll explain."

A sudden fear chilled Haines's heart. The nervous strain of the past weeks had unbalanced him! He sank heavily into the worn rocker. "You sold all the furniture," he muttered, "didn't you?"

Jane shook her head and smiled. "No,

dear, I did not. All these things have been in storage since we left this place. I had a feeling that we might need it some time—a hunch you'd call it, I guess. When the bubble burst as I feared it would I got the furniture out and brought it here."

"Well, I'll be—but how about this place? How did you get it?"

"That," laughed Jane, "was a pure piece of luck, an omen, dear," she said soberly, "of the fortunate days that are before us. I wanted to get back just where we were so I came to this street—not expecting to get the same house, of course. The day I drove down here the people were moving out. The landlord told me that he had already rented the flat, but I talked him into giving us the preference. He remembered me."

"Do you mean to say that we are going to live here now," demanded Haines finally getting a substantial realization of what had taken place. "Are you crazy?"

"No, Jack; we were, but we are sane now and we're going to stay that way. This is our home. I have sublet the apartment and we are going to dispose of the machines tomorrow. The new furniture wouldn't fit here and the automobiles wouldn't fit us. I have brought along a few things. You'll find your shirts and pajamas and collars in the bedroom—just where they used to be. Remember, honey?"

Haines jumped to his feet. "What is all this damn foolishness, anyhow?" he demanded roughly. "What kind of a silly stunt is this?"

"It isn't silly. In fact it's the first rational step we have taken in three years. We are not going to deceive ourselves any more. I know just what the condition of your business is. Between Uncle Abner and my own poor powers of observation—"

"That buttinsky!"

"John! He's the best friend we ever had. The other night you yourself let the cat out of the bag. I knew then the dream had ended, that the fever had subsided. At that it lasted longer than I thought it would."

"If you were so blooming smart," growled Haines, "why didn't you save our money instead of throwing it at the birds. Why—I didn't mean that, dear. I'm sorry."

"We were both to blame, dear," returned his wife gently. "I may have resisted longer than you did, but we were both swept away by the spending fever, just as the whole world was, I imagine. Heaps of money hypnotized us. We were not used to the sight. Often I would say to myself, 'It can't last, it can't last,' but the delirium would come back with stronger force. Besides you seemed to take such joy and pride in buying things for me and having me get pretty clothes and jewelry that I didn't have the heart to remonstrate. I didn't want to hurt you, dear."

Haines nodded but said nothing.

"Don't misunderstand me, Jack," went on his wife. "I love the luxuries I have had for the last three years, but nothing is more precious to me than peace of mind, unless," she smiled softly, "it's your love."

He patted her hand gently.

"Since we moved to the west end," went on Jane, "life has been a sort of fevered frenzy with me—a sort of 'eat drink and be merry for tomorrow ye die' frenzy. But we're not going to die, dear. We are going to live, sanely and intelligently. There'll be no more high fevers. We'll keep our temperatures at normal—at 98.2—where they ought to be."

"And the furniture," murmured Haines, "has been in storage all this time."

"All the time, honey. Something—intuition I suppose kept whispering that we would need it again."

"You didn't have much faith in me, did you?" There was a trace of bitterness in the man's tone.

"All the faith in the world, Jack, in you" was the reply, "but I had a feeling the country would get over the spending orgy sooner or later. It couldn't last, you know."

(Concluded on page 691)



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AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

### CHICAGO SHOWS THE WAY

THEY are getting primitive in Chicago. Easterners, interrupting to say that Chicago has never been anything else, are out of order. Miss Alma M. Hogge, principal of the Webster School, refereed a bout between two of her pupils, Abe Selon and Salvatore Sortino, and George B. Arnold, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Board of Education, says that Miss Hogge did "just the right thing." Mr. Arnold says more. He will "seek an appropriation to buy boxing-gloves" for every public school. Any principal who "sends in a requisition for boxing-gloves" will have it honored.

Of course, the question at once rises, What hour of the school day is best suited to boxing? Leave it to the kids, and the time will be chosen haphazard. Kids are opportunists, a convenient alley and the absence of a cop being the sole requisites for a scrap. But if fights are to be part of regular school-work—even more than they were in the era of "Tom Brown at Rugby"—then a place must be found for them in the day's schedule; and what time is better than the opening exercises, when everybody is full of pep? Opening exercises need livening; they haven't changed in four generations. Limited-round bouts, with the principal as referee, will supply the right ingredient.

Strike a general average, and the present opening exercise is something on this order:

SONG BY THE SCHOOL  
"Up Comes the Morning to Our Feet"  
READING BY PRINCIPAL  
RECITATION BY WILLIE WOGLOM  
"How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"

PIANO SOLO BY JESSIE SHRAPNEL  
"Whispering Sunflowers"

COMPOSITION BY HENRY RIDDLE  
"A Visit to Grandma's"

SONG BY THE SCHOOL  
"So Merrily Over the Ocean Spray"

THAT'S about it, we should say. Though here and there changes may have been introduced, old forms for the most part persist. How much more in keeping with the progressive, red-blooded spirit of the present would this be:

SONG BY THE SCHOOL  
"Throw Him Down, McCloskey"  
READING BY PRINCIPAL  
The Marquis of Queensbury Rules  
RECITATION BY ALVIN JONES  
"How Corbett Smeared Sullivan"

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT BOUT  
Kid Lavino versus Young Reilly, 3 Rounds  
Grounds for meeting: Young Reilly snapped back of Kid Lavino's neck with rubber-elastic in classroom. Referee: Miss Daisy Poplin, Dept. Head.

INTERMEDIATE BOUT  
Tough Hogan versus Clarence Einstein, 4 Rounds  
Grounds for meeting: Tough Hogan threw Clarence Einstein's lunch-box out the window. Referee: Miss Gladys Tricotine, Dept. Head.

GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT BOUT  
Mysterious Billy Jinks versus Battling Edgar Lummux, 5 Rounds  
Grounds for meeting: Willie said that Edgar's folks ate in the kitchen as a regular thing. Referee: Principal of School.

SONG BY SCHOOL  
"Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here"

NATURALLY, some will ask: What part will girl pupils play in such a revised arrangement? Will they be merely passive spectators? The point is well taken. Anticipating it, we suggest that girls be permitted to form the ring. There will be plenty of room on the platform for a group of them to do a Morris Dance about the boxers, thus adding grace to movement. As the principal-referee will permit no boy to be "knocked through the ropes" violently, the girls will get nothing worse than an occasional bruise. If, for any reason, the Morris Dance idea is not practicable, let the girls be seconds, bottle-holders, towel-wavers and spongers in the respective corners of the contestants. The privilege might be given as a reward for exceptional excellence in studies. And what boy would object? Did Ivanhoe object to the kindly attentions of Rebecca?

Massachusetts has just released from State's prison a man who for ten years refused to talk. "My tongue has got me into too much trouble already," was his written reason. You don't have to be in jail to apply this rule, you know.

The builders of the Tower of Babel did pretty well, considering. At least, they got part the way up. The chances are not even the foundations would have been finished had Mesopotamian contractors been up against such a graft game as New York builders have faced.

### A LITTLE NOVELTY, PLEASE!

GETTING married in the usual way is thrilling enough for most folks, but it was lots too tame for a couple at Atlantic City. Mrs. Louise P. Wolfe and Mr. Samuel L. Bates, of New York and Philadelphia respectively, chose to be wed in an airplane, three thousand feet up. With the increasing vogue of aviation, however, aerial nuptials will lose much of their punch unless novelties are introduced. The clergyman, for example, might be stationed in a captive balloon, while the groom and his best man, each in a light machine, did tail-spins and nose-dives until the bride's plane was sighted. With the question, "Who gives this woman to be wedded to this man?"—a question wirelessly by the minister—the answer might come by radio from the bride's father, standing on a mountain top. It would be simple, indeed, for the bride's little sister as flower girl to fly a hundred feet or so above the bridal party and at the proper moment scatter roses upon it; or release doves to encircle it. But why continue? It is too easy, this surmising. Nothing is impossible; not even a wedding march wireless-telephoned from a chapel organ a thousand miles away. The sole thought to sober one is this: What if the best man should drop the ring from an altitude of five thousand feet?

Said the Lokal-Anzeiger of Berlin, commenting on the result of the American election: "We have got rid of Wilson, who, in the last analysis, was to blame for our misfortune." What a grave wrong has been done the Hon. Wilhelm Hohenzollern!

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# The Collapse of Prohibition

(Continued from page 674)

Under the law, Canadian residence is necessary to purchase liquor and because of this, as soon as Ontario went wet, the United States lost and Canada gained in population. Property values increased greatly and a building boom followed all along the river. Rentals soared. Once established, the new residents, who had come over for that purpose, turned their money into liquor as rapidly as this could be done. Some were merely agents for Detroit capital. Others were actual capitalists who thus took an extra profit. Some even looked after the business on both sides of the river.

Life that had been placid and peaceful suddenly became strenuous and colorful. Fights, stabbings, shooting and noise disturbed the somnolence of the Canadian river front. The smell of whisky was in the air; booze caravans, great trucks loaded high with cases of whisky, were everywhere. And money was more plentiful than it ever had been. The only "kick back," from the point of view of those who were accumulating wealth, was the prying disposition of the Canadian officers.

These license inspectors did not and do not pay any attention to the orders for whisky that go out of the Border Cities. But deliveries are different. As soon as the liquor arrives, the inspectors are notified and the owner must get a clearance. A record of the amount received is made by the authorities. Large orders at frequent intervals, or even one larger order, cause a visit to be made by the inspectors. If a reasonable residue of the total orders is on hand, then well and good. But if too much depreciation is shown, the buyer is summoned to court. That is why the fines for violation of the Temperance Act total \$275,000. The fines in the past have been \$1,000 for each violation. They are \$2,000 now with imprisonment added. But the business does not stop.

Profits are so big that those thousand and two thousand-dollar fines are not much of a worry, but the fact that a conviction means that no more liquor can be had legally by the guilty one is an obstacle. He can order it, but when it arrives, it is confiscated. But the capital invested has solved this problem with "field men."

"Field men" circulate among residents of the Border, ascertain their whisky holdings and feel them out as to a sale. A willingness causes a listing of the name, address, amount of stock and the price. Then when the wholesaler receives an order for so many cases of whisky, gin or wines, the field man leads him to the supply.

Care is taken generally to protect the owner so far as possible, as he may be useful in the future. The rum-runner, or his trusted representative, satisfied that the stock is exactly what it has been reported to be, and is in an easily accessible part of the house, meets the owner at some point remote from his residence and makes a cash settlement. While this is going on, a motor truck rushes up to the owner's house and the whisky disappears. In the past, a report was generally made of this "robbery," but the ever-increasing doubt of the authorities and the subsequent investigations reduced the number to possibly all but the genuine thefts. Now the bereft ones sit tight and hope the inspectors won't get around until after sufficient time for a legitimate disposition of the contents of the bottles has elapsed. And the number of residents is large and the force of inspectors small.

In addition, the rum-runners have launches cruising up and down the river all night. A flash from a pocket searchlight causes a stop. Three winks of the headlights of an automobile on the highway mean the same thing—whisky for sale.

An offer is made by the rum-runner and this almost always leads to haggling, and

it is to this bargaining the residents object, for, strange as it may seem, low voices do not rule. Sometimes an hour of constant conversation ensues before a trade is made.

"In the old days I used to buy five hundred cases in the time it takes me to get a dozen now," sobbed a rum-runner as he boarded his expensive touring car, "and the price was only about one-half." And coupled with the broils of bargaining is the increased road-house revelry of the rum-runners and their gang.

Now theater parties conclude their evenings by crossing the river to the Canadian side. They take the ferry and make merry. At present, it is as though there were no Temperance Act, and the only difference between existing conditions and a certain remote period in the United States is the price one must pay. The charge is left largely to the discretion of the waiter, who estimates what the traffic will bear, but the sophisticated generally pay as follows: Whisky, small drink, fifty to seventy-five cents; beer (about five per cent. alcohol), from fifty to seventy-five cents a bottle; whisky highballs, seventy-five cents to one dollar; cocktails, one dollar; champagne (imported), from five dollars a bottle up.

Occasionally while the merriment is at its height, a rum-runner will disappear. He has received word that a shipment is ready; the law is not about and the way is clear. Hurrying to the river, he gives a signal with that handy pocket flashlight. A motor truck roars out of the darkness. Men seemingly spring from the ground. Not a word is spoken as case after case of whisky is lifted from the truck to the boat. Automatics are worn in a position that insures no waste motion.

Some of the rum-runners own whole fleets of boats. Others have contracts with boat owners and with the contract is a bond assuring delivery. This insurance was made necessary by the boat owners who started out with valuable cargoes and never returned.

The boat owner is taking a big chance. If caught, he will be fined or imprisoned and his boat will certainly be confiscated. But he is paid ten dollars a case for the half-mile haul and his load is from fifty cases up. Some of the old hands in the traffic carry enough at one trip to pay the entire cost of the boat and at one time they were so bold that they refused to go to the labor of throwing a tarpaulin over their cargoes.

The rum-runners have the boats and the men to handle them, men who sometimes make \$1,500 a trip, or only a little less than that which the American Government pays for a whole year's work to the men it employs to stop this traffic.

As is the case in bartering, light signals control the rum-running fleet. A code is understood by all the runners, this being proof that there is some sort of organization, especially so since the changes are somewhat frequent.

Thousands of individual quarts are probably brought over by ferry passengers also. With a million passengers a month—and more when the Windsor race tracks, where betting is permitted, are operating—and only a small force of customs men, to stop and search every person is a physical impossibility. That means that under coats and skirts, there may be contraband. The family hot-water bottle is often transformed into a liquor container. One Saturday, thirty women were picked at random and sent in to be searched. The dock was wet with tears. Almost every one was found guilty.

While returning Americans are liquor carriers in the greater number, some of the Canadian subjects bring over liquor for friends and some of these, starting thus innocently, have developed into professional rum-runners. One rum-runner had a

(Concluded on page 694)

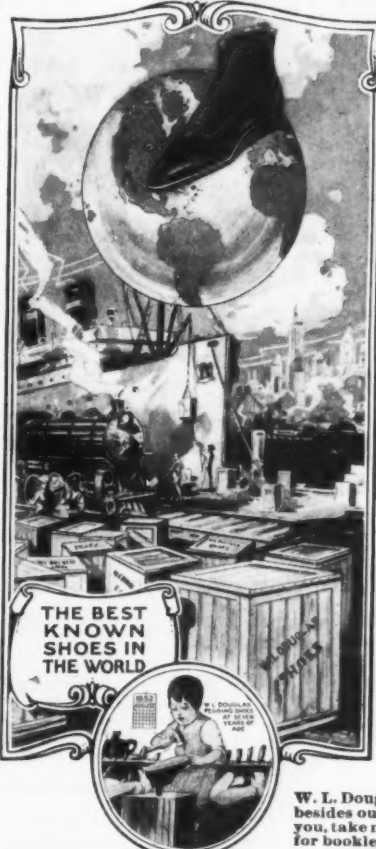
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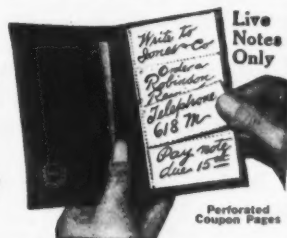
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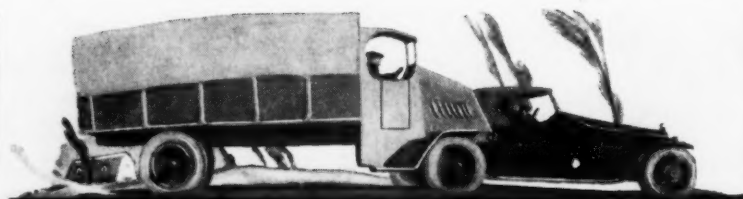
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## MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by  
**H. W. Slauson, M. E.**

Readers desiring information about motor cars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, "LESLIE'S WEEKLY," 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We answer inquiries free of charge.

### THE DANGER OF PIRATE REPAIR PARTS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Our patent laws give a certain amount of protection to the manufacturer of patented devices. No part can be sold for use in such a device which imitates such essential parts of special design without the permission of the owner.

The large number of delicate and highly specialized devices used in connection with a motor car has opened a tempting field to the manufacturer of inferior parts represented as suitable for use in the original patented equipment, such as the ignition system, the speedometer, the horn and the like.

Our laws, however, are not as yet adequate to protect the motorist entirely, and the following article written by an authority, and having the endorsement of a prominent patent attorney and expert in such matters, should serve as a warning to every motorist who might be tempted to install parts in his car not bearing the authorization of the manufacturer or parts maker.

THE danger of using pirate or imitation parts in repairs to an automobile should be more generally understood among car owners. If it were realized that such parts are almost certain to cause trouble, that they weaken efficiency and very often result in permanent damage, the public would be very much on the alert to avoid them.

Especially in the electrical equipment of the automobile is this true, though it is prob-

ably by no means only in those parts that there is danger. The writer is, however, more familiar with this part of the subject, through a contact which has brought some very interesting experiences, and has been the occasion for a rather careful study of the harmful effects of substitution of pirate parts for genuine.

Piracy in the old days was practiced by men who took no part in the cause of exploration, who brought with them to port no new knowledge of strange lands, who went forth from port with no home products to build a commerce for their fellows. They sailed only to prey on legitimate merchantmen, engaged in carrying goods to be exchanged in honest barter, for gold, or other goods.

Today, in the automobile and allied industries, there are great organizations who pioneer, who are not mere shops that weld or press or shape or assemble; but are rather great laboratories where the engineer and the scientist, by most careful study and re-

search, develop new means of securing efficiency, of making transportation simpler, safer, more economical. They are the explorers.

Now, because no mechanism is free from wear, or possible accident, there must some time be replacements, even in the most carefully made. Seeing this, there have sprung up those who imitate parts made by the pioneers and developers of the industry; and these parts they have sold, and are selling, among dealers and garages, frequently at ridiculously low prices. They could afford it, partly because they had no investment in research; but chiefly because they have produced a grossly inferior imitation.

These pirate parts work a double injury to the legitimate manufacturer who has developed a worthy product. They deprive him of sales which because of his efforts he is entitled to enjoy; and, far more serious, they endanger the reputation of his product. For in many cases these pirate substitutions will seriously disorganize the device or system in which they are put.

The public, except from the natural American love of fair play, will be little concerned, I appreciate, about the imposition on the reputable manufacturer. But the whole thing works straight back to the pocket-book of the car owner. For the thing that damages the reputation of the manufacturer's product must first have injured the performance of that product on the owner's car. So he

#### DO YOU KNOW:

1. Why the spiral bevel gear is quieter than the old-fashioned type?

2. Why the engine may vibrate at certain speeds and not at others?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. Why are steel-studded leather covers no longer used for tires?

There is a certain amount of slipping and sliding between the surface of the tire and any cover which is not cemented in place. This produces friction whenever the side walls are bent slightly, due to passing over obstructions. High temperatures will cause a tire to deteriorate rapidly and, consequently, shoes on which such covers are used give but little service. Furthermore, garage owners developed a fear of this type of tire protector, owing to the sparks which would be generated on the cement floor whenever the wheels would be spinned in starting, or locked in braking.

2. Why is the licensed horsepower (S.A.E.) less than the average horsepower of the ordinary motor?

The S. A. E. basis of horsepower calculation assumes a piston speed of 1000 feet per minute. This means that an engine having a five-inch stroke would cause each piston to travel ten inches throughout each revolution. It would be necessary, therefore, for such an engine to operate at 1200 revolutions per minute, in order to have a piston speed of 1000 feet per minute. The average automobile engine, however, is designed to develop its maximum power from 1800 to 3000 revolutions per minute, in which case the actual power developed will be nearly doubled or trebled.

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suffers. He gets weak function, or no function at all from the device. He may find his car struggling on a grade it should laugh at. He may find himself stopped, helpless to move, when he should be spinning along with ease. And all because somebody put a bogus part in place of a genuine, at a vital place in the machine.

I said, above, that the pirate part was often sold at a ridiculously low price. But not to the consumer. He pays, usually, I am informed, about as much as for the genuine. And he probably believes he is getting the genuine. Nobody would willingly hand out full price for an imitation, knowing it to be such. He would suspect it, for that very reason. No doubt many dealers are unfamiliar with the facts. For it is hard to believe they would lend themselves to a practice they knew to be harmful. It may be that even the pirate manufacturer doesn't know that his business is jeopardizing the interests of the car user. He is not an engineer nor a scientist. Yet I have had occasion to deal with some who showed no very keen sense of business ethics.

When the pirate manufacturer, trading on some other man's ideas, and preying on that other's business, sells parts at a very low figure, it is chiefly because he is giving an inferior article. In a recent court action, where a legitimate manufacturer brought successful suit for patent infringement against one of these pirate concerns, there was put in evidence a device no larger than an old-fashioned watch, with about a dozen original pieces. This device, however, is a vital functioning element of one of the most important parts of an automobile, the ignition system. It is of utmost importance that materials be right, and that adjustment be finely accurate. Otherwise there will be not only weak action in the system at the start, and consequent poor motor action, but an early and rapid deterioration of the system.

This small device, as imitated by the pirate, was at fault in five essentials! It was certain, when put on a car, to go bad in a very short run. There had been substitution of cheap brass for phosphor bronze, with a sacrifice both of conductivity and tension. There was insecure and uneven pivoting of an arm that must often move over a hundred times per second. There was badly uneven contact of the two breaker points, which should lie in flat and exact contact to secure efficiency and to avoid rapid burning or pitting from the arcing of the electric current. There was a

canted lug which made for poor mechanical action and threatened complete failure. There was an uneven surface at a constant wearing point, which would of course grow constantly rougher and cause either an uneven action, or perhaps little action at all.

There are certain devices, such as the one just mentioned, in which fineness of adjustment is so important that it is folly to attempt repairs. In the first place, none but the most exact tools and specially trained labor could produce satisfactory results. Outside of the original factory the facilities do not exist. Yet the pirate offers small parts for substitution in this mechanism. To install them involves a lot of labor, so much that any attempt to do a careful job would bring the cost up pretty close to the price of an entire new assembly, factory made, factory tested.

One of the worst features of this whole matter is that the troubles may show up, not in the substitute part, but elsewhere in the system. For instance, it is possible, in the ignition system, to put in pirate breaker parts and quickly find weak coil action. Or it will often be found that a substitute coil, while it seems to function as a coil, rapidly burns or "pits" the breaker points. The reason for that is the practical impossibility of duplicating the construction of the original coil without the factory blue prints and specifications; and the absolute necessity that the coil shall be designed and constructed with strict reference to the needs of the entire system.

Is it any wonder that the service guarantee of the manufacturer is withdrawn when he finds a pirate part substituted in his device? It is obviously just for him to decline responsibility in such a case. Official service stations everywhere make it a point to use genuine replacement parts only. Independent service stations who value their reputations and the good opinion of their customers are doing the same. Only the less scrupulous or the uninformed resort to pirate stuff.

The patent rights of the manufacturer in most cases afford protection to him and to the public. But hunting down infringers and securing court decrees take time. Meanwhile a lot of this bogus stuff is on the market. The old law of "caveat emptor," let the purchaser beware, which has fortunately been supplanted in most modern business by a rule of good faith, would seem to apply still in the matter of repair parts. The car owner should not fail to demand the genuine.



## Back To 98.2

(Concluded from page 687)

Well," she laughed blithely, "we had a good time while it lasted. It's been just like a long vacation at a fashionable resort. We're back home now and ready to go to work. As a matter of fact, dear, it was you who showed a lack of faith in me."

"I—"

"Why didn't you tell me how the business was going? We used to share our troubles. When I did find out what the situation was the suddenness of the shock dazed me for a while, even though I had anticipated the end in a way. I imagine you didn't find me sympathetic the other night. I really did have a sinking feeling. Jack, but it's all over now."

"I'm sorry, darling," said her husband, "but I was afraid to tell you the truth. I was afraid to appear as a failure before you. I hadn't the courage to drag you down from the new standard of living. I—I was afraid I would lose your love, your respect."

Jane seated herself on his lap and threw her arms about his neck. "You silly boy," she murmured. "That you should imagine that I would blame you for a whole world going topsy-turvy! It's getting righted now. Some of our friends among others will continue putting up a bluff for a while, but they'll get back to normal eventually. We're just a little bit smarter than they."

"You mean you are."

"Are you sorry to be back here," asked Jane stroking her husband's hair.

"Never was happier in my life, sweetheart. As you say, I feel like I have just recovered from a long illness."

"So you have, honey—so we have."

Silent moments passed.

"Good gracious," exclaimed Jane suddenly, springing to her feet, "you must be starved to death. I've got a steak and—"

"Let's eat in the kitchen," said Haines boyishly, "and I'll wipe the dishes."

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# JASPER'S HINTS



## TO INVESTORS

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their weekly and to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and, in emergencies, to answers by telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit \$7 directly to the office of LESLIE'S in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be enclosed. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Full name and exact street address, or number of postoffice box, should always be given. Anonymous communications will not be answered. The privileges of this department are not extended to members of clubs who are not individual subscribers.

**T**HE tremendous Republican victory of November 2nd has gone far toward abating the country's uncertainty and unrest. Long-cherished resentment at the shortcomings of the existing Administration expressed itself thoroughly and overwhelmingly and thus left the vast majority of American citizens in a more satisfied and composed state of mind. The psychological mood of the people altered for the better, a fact of much practical importance. The complete change of governmental policy decreed renewed popular confidence in the nation's immediate future.

That we are, after March 4th next, to have a sane, conservative management of affairs at Washington seems fully assured. So promising an outlook would ordinarily wonderfully quicken the forces of prosperity. Business would grow brisker, demand for commodities would expand, and the stock market would show much activity, with rising quotations. There has been no such liveliness in the commercial and financial world as yet, and we cannot hope for a speedy response to the improved prospects in national administration.

For the process of readjustment, now world-wide, is more potent at present than all other influences in industry and finance. It is going forward irresistibly, and nothing can for long counteract it. Until deflation has done its perfect work the wheels of business will turn hesitatingly, and securities markets will be dull and without upward trend. The falling of values, trade stagnation, partial or entire closing of manufactories, increasing unemployment, the acceptance of lower wages by workers here and there, and perhaps the increase in failures, will not cease until prices have touched bottom in all lines. Then, with a Federal Administration of the right sort, business should have a new lease of life and prosperous times return. As to how long the adverse pressure on the country will continue expert opinions differ. Some observers think the brighter day will dawn with the New Year; others see no chance of betterment before the Spring.

In one respect, at least, the government can mollify a trying transition period. As viewed by the investor, the one great and necessary service which can be rendered to the nation by the next Administration will be a drastic lessening of the burdens of taxation. The existing Congress will have most of its time at the short session, beginning in December, taken up with passing appropriation bills and performing routine work, but it can take a decided stand in favor of economy and reform. Expenditures should be decreased, the budget system established, and no new commitments grossly adding to the national debt should be attempted. Such an attitude would be encouraging and helpful to our productive industries. On the success and profitability of these depend the values of all species of securities. Enterprises overtaxed, and struggling under

heavy cost of materials and labor, cannot hereafter hold their own.

Reducing taxes is the government's part in relieving the situation. Cost of material is already declining and labor is showing a more tractable disposition than had been predicted. Intelligent manufacturers, farmers and merchants all realize that price-cutting is inevitable and that everybody must submit to his share of it; and the employee must be as ready as the employer to make some sacrifice. There may be establishments which will have no excuse for scaling down wages, where readjustment will not entail serious diminution of profit. But the generality will not be so favored, and the sooner this is realized the smoother for all concerned the path of reconstruction will be.

Current changes in prices of stocks and bonds are mainly readjustment consequences. In many instances quotations have already declined sufficiently. Most of the leading corporations have assets and surpluses justifying higher than prevailing figures for their issues. United States Steel and Union Pacific are eminent examples of this. It is inconceivable that such organizations will not weather the gusts of reconstruction. Even if their issues should sell still lower these are excellent purchases today and in the long run buyers will lose nothing, but will rather gain much. The market, at this time, offers few inducements to the speculator, but investment opportunities still abound, especially in the mortgage bonds and preferred stocks of the best railroad, industrial, and public utility corporations.

B., EAST SAN DIEGO, CALIF.: The segregation of the oil lands of the Southern Pacific Railroad may prove a fine thing for the stockholders. At present it looks worth while to hold your shares.

V., BURLINGTON, VT.: A young man with \$1,000 who wants an absolutely safe investment might put his money into Liberty bonds, West Shore 4's Atchison general 4's, U. S. Rubber 1st and ref. 5's or good real estate bonds.

M., LEBANON, PA.: Rockwood & Co.'s earnings show a progressive increase since 1915. The company pays 8 per cent. on preferred and an initial dividend of \$6 in preferred stock was paid on the common in May last. The preferred is the better investment.

T., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: The tobacco stocks are well regarded, but your profit on American Tobacco is a great temptation to sell. The safe rule—which of course has exceptions—is always to take a handsome profit. What will happen to Reading and preferred cannot be foretold until the official segregation plan is announced.

W., DORRANCE, PA.: Southern Railway preferred is a dividend payer and the common may be put on a dividend basis if present rate of earnings continues. Southern Pacific and Atchison are among the best railroad stocks and can be bought at present prices with reasonable safety.

M., KANSAS CITY, MO.: Texas Pacific Coal & Oil Co. should have a great future if its large holdings prove as productive of oil as has been expected. It is paying a satisfactory dividend and at present price, considering its earning power, it looks like a good long pull purchase, although it is selling at more than three times par.

F., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.: Maxwell Motors 1st preferred, Gaston Williams and Booth fisheries are all in the highly speculative class, paying no dividends, and with no prospect of doing so soon. Maxwell Motors is about to merge with Chalmers Motors, also a non-dividend payer. The promoters claim that the merger will be profitable. That is not certain.

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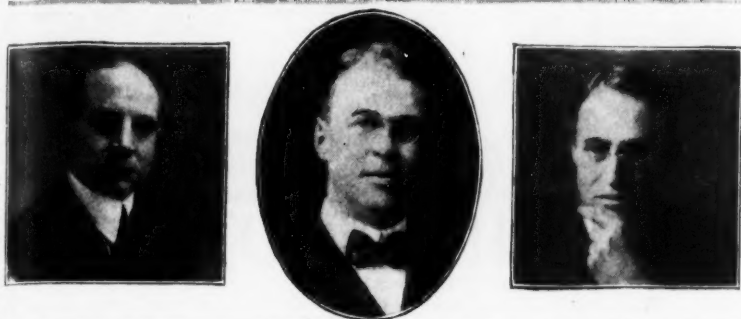
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**J. W. Spangler**  
President of the First National Bank of Seattle, Wash., a flourishing institution with \$28,000,000 of deposits. Mr. Spangler is widely known and esteemed in the prosperous Pacific Northwest.

**C. F. Weed**  
Vice-president of the important First National Bank of Boston, Mass. He lately made a successful trip to Australia, China, and Japan to establish further foreign banking connections.

**W. B. Berger**  
Of Denver, vice-president of the Colorado First National Bank. He has an honorable record of twenty-seven years, and his reputation extends throughout that portion of the West.

**F. TERRE HAUTE, IND.:** The Comet Automobile Co. was incorporated in 1917, yet it is paying no dividends and has only a small surplus. The stock of such a company is not desirable.

**IL. WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.:** General Motors common is a dividend payer and the dividend so far seems likely to be maintained. The company is strong and should safely weather the readjustment gale.

**T. COLUMBIA, S. CAR.:** France is recuperating rapidly and the government's financial position has improved. Receipts from taxation are now about double those of last year. This naturally adds to the desirability of French bonds.

**M. CHICAGO:** As you are getting a liberal return on the purchase price of Pierce-Arrow preferred, I would not advise you to exchange it for Studebaker preferred. Pierce-Arrow Corporation is among the better class of motor organizations and it looks as if it would come out of the readjustment process in good shape.

**B. PITTSFIELD, MASS.:** The Greenfield Tap and Die Corp. is a Massachusetts concern established in 1912 and is the world's largest manufacturer of thread-cutting tools. Net earnings in the past four years have averaged nearly two-and-half-times preferred dividend requirements. The company's 5 per cent. preferred cumulative stock is therefore in the attractive class. It is tax exempt in Massachusetts and free from normal Federal income tax. Quoted lately at par.

New York, November 20, 1920. JASPER.

**Free Booklets for Investors**

One who regularly reads the "Bache Review" becomes well posted on the financial situation. No investor can afford to ignore it. Copies sent free on application by J. S. Bache & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Everybody may have a banking service at his very door, by sending his money by mail to the Citizens Savings & Trust Co., Cleveland, Ohio, an old and strong institution, paying 4 per cent on deposits. The company will supply to any address its booklet L explaining its successful banking by mail system.

The careful investor looking for safety and a satisfactory yield will find much information and help in the valuable new financial booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, and Straus Bldg., Chicago. Every investor should get this publication, which may be had by writing to Straus & Co. for booklet K.

The stop loss order is sometimes of utmost consequence in a stock market transaction. How to use it effectively is told in a helpful booklet, "Five Successful Methods of Operating in the Stock Market," written by an expert, and issued by Sexsmith & Co., 107 Liberty Street, New York. It will be sent on request for booklet D-4.

Safe bonds yielding 4½ per cent. to 6 per cent exempt from Federal income taxes and selected after expert scrutiny, are offered by the bond department of the Mercantile Trust Co., St. Louis, Mo., a member of the Federal Reserve System, with total resources exceeding \$67,000,000. Thousands of clients have bought securities from the company. Full particulars are given in pamphlet BL-120, which the company will send to any applicant.

The standard interest in portions of the South being 7 per cent., it is possible in that section to issue first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds with ample security behind them. Miller first mortgage gold bonds are based on property worth at least double the face of the bonds and have other safeguarding features. For a list of current offerings and for a free booklet, "Selecting Your Investments," apply to G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 1047 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Investors will be aided to buy stocks intelligently by reading "Dunham's Investment Digest," issued every fortnight, which analyzes stocks, gives the latest news about them and furnishes expert opinion. It would seem desirable for every would-be buyer to get a copy of this publication. It may be obtained by sending for 00-DD to Dunham & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York, or 414 Caswell Block, Milwaukee, Wis.

For such an expanding city as Seattle, in whose business are interested not only local citizens, but also capitalists all over the country and in foreign lands, there is need of comprehensive banking service. This is rendered by the Seattle National Bank of Seattle, Wash., with resources of over \$30,000,000. It is a flourishing institution. All interested in the commercial and industrial life of the Pacific Northwest metropolis will consult their interests by communicating with the bank.

The securities market at present offers exceptional opportunities in the shape of seasoned bonds and preferred stocks selling so low as to yield 8 per cent. to 10 per cent. annually on purchase price. Today's chances may not be presented again in many years. The small investor especially should "make hay while the sun shines." How to buy sound issues, at attractive prices, with payment extended over one to two years, may be learned by writing to Charles H. Clarkson & Co., Department IW-10, 66 Broadway, New York, for an interesting booklet, "Thrift-Savings-Investment," with which will be furnished a copy of the "Investment News."

California is one of those States which give public utilities a chance to live and prosper. California Hydro-Electric securities are for this reason enabled to earn sufficient income to make liberal returns on bonds and stocks. This has induced Blyth, Witter & Co., 61 Broadway, New York, and Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, with offices also in Los Angeles, Seattle, and Portland, Oregon, to participate in the outright purchase of \$10,000,000 collateral trust notes issued by a California H-E corporation, well safeguarded by the State's liberal policy. These notes are being distributed to the public, and exacting investors are invited to call at any of the company's offices, or to write for circular L-11 describing selected California H-E securities paying from 6½ per cent. to 8 per cent.

**The Use of Tobacco Rapidly Growing**

ANYBODY—reformer or otherwise—who may fondly look forward to the day when the use of tobacco shall cease, or markedly decline, in this country, will find no comfort in the Government returns relating to this product. America is the native land of the "weed," and is likely to be the last part of the earth to discard it. The World War gave a great impetus to tobacco consumption, cigarette and plug having proved soothing

	Cigarettes	Cigars	Smoking and Plug, lbs.	Snuff, lbs.
1913.....	14,294,805,000	8,732,815,000	404,362,000	33,200,000
1914.....	16,427,086,000	8,707,625,000	412,505,000	32,766,000
1915.....	16,756,179,000	8,030,385,000	402,474,000	29,830,000
1916.....	21,087,757,000	8,337,720,000	417,235,000	33,170,000
1917.....	30,520,103,000	9,216,001,000	445,763,000	35,377,000
1918.....	30,050,334,000	8,731,919,000	417,047,000	35,036,000
1919.....	38,104,738,000	7,890,407,000	376,950,000	34,805,000
1920.....	50,448,541,000	8,966,028,000	414,877,000	38,005,000

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**A DOUBLE A**  
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**SHOE POLISH**

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*Gives a quick, lasting shine. Restores the original color to dark tan and brown shoes*  
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## THE MELTING-POT

THE latest summary of the Scottish liquor polls shows that 149 districts have decided to make no change, 24 favor reduction of licenses and 18 voted dry.—London dispatch.

"One swallow does not make a summer," but in the eighteen districts where no swallows will be legal there will be approximately a midsummer drouth.

Friends of the Coolidges are busy house-hunting for them at Washington. Mrs. Coolidge says: "Mr. Coolidge doesn't care for luxurious surroundings, and, besides, we can't afford it."—New York Times Boston special.

But Calvin must really be prepared to pay more than \$32 per month.

The President should resign at once and turn over his office to Vice-President Marshall. At the beginning of Congress in December, Mr. Marshall should appoint Mr. Harding Secretary of State, and himself resign. The law would then make Mr. Harding President, and with Republican support in Congress he could at once put into operation the plan for the United States to enter an association of nations for peace.—William J. Bryan.

To complete this fantastic scheme, President Harding might appoint Mr. Bryan Secretary of State for a week's-end.

Governor Clement today granted a full and unconditional pardon to former Governor Graham, sentenced earlier in the day to imprisonment for five to eight years for embezzlement of State funds while he was State Auditor.—Montpelier, Vt., telegram.

Many flinty hearted Green Mountaineers think the Governor's name fits him too well.

The first merchant vessel flying the German flag to enter New York since July, 1914, arrived yesterday from Bremen.—Newspaper note.

Just like those audacious Germans to

venture into the port of a country with which Germany is still at war.

Eminent Democrats have been invited to take part in conferences for the purposes of reorganizing the Democratic Party to make it again a factor in American politics.—Universal Service dispatch.

It will certainly need a vast deal of reorganization to bring the Democratic phoenix to life and power again.

Cheered and applauded by 500 Washington Democrats who gathered in front of the White House, President Wilson smiled, waved his hand and partly arose from his wheel-chair in delight.—Universal Service Washington dispatch.

Even a crowd of that diminutive size of survivors of the overwhelming Republican deluge must have been a pleasing surprise to the President.

The recent vote of American democracy is an act of consolidation and stability and will have a steady effect on many lands. It will accelerate the reconstruction of the world.—Winston Churchill, British Secretary of State for War.

Foreigners in general have notoriously been unable to understand American politics, but this British statesman's expression reveals a wonderfully clear apprehension of the situation.

John Shell, aged 130, will go to Chicago to let prominent physicians examine him and find out why he has lived so long.—Lexington (Ky.) dispatch.

This patriarch has a legal right to claim he is that old and it is to be hoped that he is not playing a "shell game."

Miss Alice E. Robertson, aged sixty-five, a restaurant keeper, has been elected to Congress from the second district of Oklahoma. The meals

she served did more to swing men to her support than any other factor.—Muskegon dispatch.

Here's hoping a good cook will not be spoiled by being made a Congresswoman.

President-elect Harding was, at one time, employed as a teamster by a firm building a railroad extension in Ohio.—Newspaper item.

Experience in handling the reins may yet prove useful to Mr. Harding when he begins to run the government.

Robert Taft, son of ex-President Taft, has been elected a member of the Ohio House of Representatives.—Columbus (Ohio) dispatch.

The sons of our former Presidents seem to inherit a penchant and a fitness for public life.

Lenine, it is reported, was recently placed on trial before a Bolshevik tribunal, charged with being a grafter, trying to make himself absolute, and abusing the great power conferred upon him by the Soviet Government.—Times Washington special.

Is the Red Dictator at last facing the fate of a Robespierre?

Mrs. Jane Johnston, sixty-five years old, mother of three children, is sheriff-elect of Roscommon County. She gained experience from her husband, who has been sheriff six years and has appointed him her deputy.—Roscommon (Mich.) dispatch.

The mutations of politics have no terrors when, whatever be the result of an election, "it's all in the family."

Former-Kaiser Wilhelm has decided to grow a full beard instead of the small pointed one he has lately affected.—Times Doorn, Holland, special.

Thus the ex-war lord in the most emphatic manner recognizes the fact that the old order has passed away.

## The Collapse of Prohibition

(Concluded from page 689)

regular route, consisting of office buildings, and each day would pour drinks for his clients at seventy-five cents each. His earnings, according to his own statement, were about one hundred dollars a day. But he has disappeared and the supposition is that he is in jail somewhere.

The relation of the rum-runner to his brother outlaw is peculiar. So long as whisky does not enter into the deal, he is the soul of honor, a good fellow, open-handed, quick to respond to distress. If a rum-runner gets into trouble, the whole clan springs to his assistance and unites in furnishing money, bonds, attorneys, actual aid to escape, and testimony. But in a whisky deal, one watches the other constantly.

If two men are associated in a whisky enterprise, neither one dares sleep for fear of being "double-crossed" by the other.

If there are three, all are alert until the business is concluded. Suspicion engenders action with death as the penalty. Sometimes these battles actually occur on the river. One report is of a fight between two boatloads of runners. After much firing, one boat was rammed and sank. The occupants of the wrecked craft were left struggling in the current.

With the fraternity cheating its own members, it is obvious that the public must suffer also. A red flood of real whisky comes into Detroit nightly, yet there is "poison whisky" there also. Morgue records show about thirty deaths from bootleg whisky. Some of the bootleggers refuse to drink their own stock, though so far as they know, it is trustworthy. There is always the chance, however, that some one has "slipped something over."

As this is written, legitimate purchasers of Canadian whiskies can get them from \$29.50 up for a case of a dozen bottles. Scotch costs \$45 and gin \$35. On the American side, the Canadian whiskies bring from \$85 to \$150 a case, depending on their age and the dealer, and from \$100 to \$175 for the Scotch, the latter price being for imported goods distilled before the war. Gin seems to be steady at \$100.

The rum-runner, who can't order in his own name, pays up to \$60 and \$75 a case on the Canadian side, though some can be obtained for \$45 a case. Add to that the \$10 transport charge, the actual cost of handling and the overhead and there remains a fair profit; such a fair profit that there are still newcomers in the ranks of the runners. And the business of rum running goes merrily on the country over.

## Here's a Chance for "Live" Photographers

FOR interesting "action" pictures LESLIE'S is today paying higher prices than any other magazine in the world. In order to obtain a "fancy" price, however, a photograph must be very unusual—striking, of interest to readers in every section of the country, possessed of a distinct news value, clear enough to be reproduced easily,

and absolutely exclusive. For all other snapshots which are used three dollars will be paid, and fifteen dollars will be sent to the photographer contributing the best picture of the week. All contributions must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope, and each picture should bear a simple caption telling exactly what it is.



# In which two dimes outpoint two ten-spots



AT ONE p. m.  
TOMMY TOOK inventory.  
AND FOUND in his jeans.  
TWO YELLOW saw-bucks.  
AND TWO shiny dimes.  
NOW REMEMBER those dimes.  
AT SIX p. m.  
TOM BALANCED the books.  
AND FOUND two dimes.  
TWO DOUBLE jits.  
TWO SILVER sisters.  
ALL THAT was left.  
OF A once large fortune.  
ITEM: ONE lunch.  
FOR SELF and girl.  
ITEM: ONE girl.  
TO ONE matinée.  
ITEM: ONE taxi.  
AND BALANCE: Two dimes.  
THE SAME two dimes.  
BUT WAS Tommy downhearted?  
I'LL SAY he was not.  
QUOTH TOMMY, "Good night.  
THAT SHOW took three hours.  
AND ALL of the roll  
BUT I'VE still got a ticket.  
FOR THREE hundred minutes.  
OF SOLID satisfaction."  
AND ZOWIE! Two dimes.  
HIT THE shiny counter.  
AND BACK came a pack.  
OF THE cigarettes.  
THAT SATISFY.



In packages of 20 protected by  
special moisture-proof wrapper.  
Also in round AIR-TIGHT tins of 50.

TWENTY of 'em for twenty cents. And  
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